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From the collection
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MIRROR

OF

,VINISTIC FANATICISM,

OR

JEDEDIAH BURCHARD & Co.

; A PROTRACTED MEETING OF TWENTY-SIX DAYS

IN WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.

BY RUSSELL STREETER.

ıp all of them in their angle, they catch them in their net, em in their drag: therefore they rejoice and are glad.
Hab. i. 15.

Second Edition.

WOODSTOCK:
UBLISHED BY NAHUM HASKELL.
1835.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE very rapid sale of the first edition of the MIR-ROR, and the numerous orders which are coming in for more, render it necessary that another edition should be issued without delay. As the copy went fresh from the pen to the press, without time for much revision or arrangement, we have corrected defects, and added some interesting facts and anecdotes.

It is admitted, so far as we can learn, by the candid of all denominations, that we have shown no disposition to oppose the *work of the Spirit of God*, in the conversion and salvation of sinners. The *man* whose measures and management we oppose, gave no evidence of being under the influence of the Holy Ghost. He imitated the *French prophets*, so called; collected large congregations; made similar professions of being divinely empowered; reported numerous conversions; like theirs, "most of his converts were boys and girls from six or seven, to twenty five years of age."—B. was sent of God, so were the French fanatics of the seventeenth century.

SHAKERS, *some of* whom we know to be men of *strict veracity*, are entitled to far greater credit in *their claim to be under the influence of the holy Spirit*, *marching*, exhorting, and dancing, on

sabbath, than is Mr. B. whilst misquoting the
asserting what is palpably untrue, and abus
nominations of christians, who do not succe
new measures, and profess some anti-unitaria
concerning the character and nature of the S

It should be distinctly understood, that Jed
fanatic, publicly denounced the sentiments ta
some twenty-five years ago, by the successfi
PLUMMER, as being demoralizing and damn
highest degree; and yet, it would be doing
great injustice to compare him with this rut
vinistic defamer. The denomination of Ch
so called, were treated most contemptuously
both in private and in public, as will be sh
subsequent pages. But, had he exhibited t
meekness and christian kindness, in as grea
as they do among us, we should have been
clined to suspect the sincerity of his pretensi

We are happy in being able to certify t
that the METHODIST brethren, generally,
the Burchardistic measures in this place. B
ably noticed by Mr. B. they joined in the exe
endeavored to promote the revival, as lo
could, conscientiously. It is truly gratifyin
that Methodists here, are men of too much p
countenance such a man as Jedediah Burc
becoming acquainted with his character,
gent members of that church, throughout thi
others, be upon their guard against the *wily prince of impostors*—this "Simon the sorce
***is filching thousands* of *dollars* from his deb**
***ers, of various sects*, and then laughing in**
***heir credulity*. It will be seen by sub**

the "CHRISTIAN ADV. AND JOURNAL," of the 17th regards Burchardism, or Finneyism, or Footeism, t is the same thing,) in a more odious light, if pos- than we do. Speaking of their notions of a *change rt*, it says, "This may be Finneyism, but Mormon- s not more unlike the gospel, than this *double dis- nonsense!*" Such is the opinion of intelligent HODISTS.

the sincere friend of all persuasions, who fairly nonestly propogate their own religious views, we pleasure in saying, that the *Baptist* denomination ver that it will be for their interest to have no con- on with J. Burchard. It is true, that, unintention- he occasioned considerable additions to the Bap- hurch, in Windsor; but, that he deplored it, is evi- from the following facts. Elder J. Hazen was l by one of Mr. B's. warm friends, to go and con- with him on the subject of taking part in the pub- eeting. He consented, and called with his neigh- t Mr. Southgate's. When he proposed the sub- of his inquiry, Mr. B. evaded it. He pressed it directly, and Mr. B. replied that he could not *but one ship at a time.*" Said he, "I undertook to *three* ships at *Windsor*, and made *bad work* of it; shall not try it here, but steer only the *Congrega- l* ship." As Mr. H. assented to that decision, but pressed the question, whether Mr. B. meant to in- his church and people with the others whom he d, so that they might consider themselves invited e part in the meeting? The answer was, that e could be *but one General Commander on the field e."—that Mr. B.* "would do all the preaching, and *take such parts*, as were assigned them."

Burchard, then, was captain-general, and commander-in-chief, and of the Congregational ship, only. Hence, near the close of the meeting, he ridiculed the service of baptism by immersion; showing himself a real sectarian, notwithstanding all his pretensions to the contrary. Will honest Baptists follow such a leader?

The matter is now conceded, that Mr. Burchard is upon a *money-making* game. At the rate he is going on, he and his "Episcopalian" lady will clear THREE or FOUR THOUSAND Dollars in a year. Their wages here, was not less than Four Hundred Dollars, per month! But we could hope that his race is nearly run in this state, though we fear it is not. If people will be wise for themselves and their fellow-beings, and withhold their "silver and gold" from the heartless impostor we guarantee that he will seek other fields for his theatrical, deceptive, and money-making exhibitions.

R. STREETER.

Woodstock, 24th April, 1835.

PART FIRST.

n of getting up Revivals—Burchard invited to lstock—Different opinions entertained of him—rrival, debut, and manner of address.

is now well understood that to make *religious*, in the Burchardistic sense term, there must be great parade and y exertion. Religion is supposed to gendered in "protracted meetings," ous seats," inquiry rooms," and the Little is said of convictions and conns, unless the prerequisites of boisterxcitements have been resorted to.—it study of the holy scriptures—devout nplations of the works of our Creator; he soul's earnest desire to be led into truth as it is in Jesus," are counted ing worth," in these strange times, some *great revivalist* is present, to lirection or sanction to the operations spirit of grace and truth upon the

Certain men therefore, who have an *ordinary tact* at the business, are em- *at great* expense, as Revivalists *ir names* are rung from one extre

of the continent to the other. To the ulous multitude, there is a *charm* very *names* of these men. People rienee unusual emotions in coming int presence or their meetings, as the and uninformed do, in coming before celebrated *conjuror*, or as well meanin ple formerly did, (and perhaps now some places,) who had arrived at the some far-famed *prophet & physician* wrought cures upon the sick, the blin deaf and decrepit, by barely hearing names read over! They are strangel ted! thrilled with unusual feelings! a gin to imagine, of course, that there is thing supernatural in what they are encing. They do not consider that fect is alike natural, whether produc a wonder-working fortune-teller, mode phet, or revivalist. The difference i in name and circumstance.

If any thing is to be done towards ting up a *revival,*" in a certain place forsooth, marvellous stories must be c ted of wonderful things going on else in *protracted meetings* of course,—' the direction and management of" "great revival preacher." Among tho *are notorious in* these scenes of ungo *ble fanaticism,* are the names of Bu *Finney, Foote &c.* These men pur

· measures, preach similar discourses and
m the same texts, and produce nearly
ıilar results. From the most authentic
·ounts, there can be no doubt that each
these men, has the same *skeletons* of dis-
ırses, and brings forward the same com-
·isons by way of illustration. The very
ne texts which Mr. *Burchard* has used in
ery place in this State, and in others for
ırs, where he has opposed what *he calls*
ıiversalism, Mr. *Finney* and Mr. *Foote*
ed as the same subjects for their discour-
directed to the same end, when they vis-
d different parts of Massachusetts. And
say it without the fear of contradiction,
ıt Mr. B. is not the real author of the dis-
ırses, arguments and illustrations, if such
:y may be called, which he is repeating,
rrot-like, hundreds of times about the
ıntry. I pronounce him, so far as I have
ard and seen him reported, *guilty of the*
ossest plagiarism. Let Mr. Burchard
ny this, in a tangible form, and I will prove
ıpon him, or make an acknowledgement.
ıe fact is, that he is nearly fifty years be-
ıd the improvements of the times, and is
elding the weapons of old *Jonathan Ed-*
ırds and his Son, in opposing the system
divine *truth.* But to return from this
ression.

The Congregational church in this Villa

wonderful success of Mr. B.
l *Springfield*, felt anxious to
e hither also, and work won-
ning "endless hell," instead of
mercy and salvation. But on
e opposition which he met with
R. RICHARDS and the more so-
lligent part of the church and o
at Windsor, some of them wer
ie consequences of his coming.-
ounger and more zealous of t
by the way, "rule both Par
e," insisted on having a visit fr
d revivalist. A messenger wa
nt to Springfield, as we are inf
re Mr. B. was working off con
es, and, as the report said, by
ven, and having heard the co
"legate from the world of w
ghly edified; and conferred wi
ling, (we presume) on the pro
oming to Woodstock. He re
cious answer," and returned in
the glorious intelligence, that
od" might be expected here d
ter. A new impulse was gi
eady excited feelings of ma
urch commenced fasting and p
doubled energy and constancy
"Burchard," "*Burchard,*"
lip, as the name "Cholero

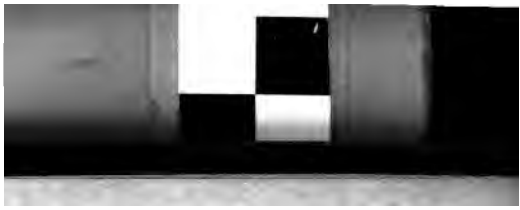
since. This was exactly suited to a
mplated imposition upon the people.
it been announced upon "pretty good
rity" that a *Tecumseh* was lurking in
icinity, red with the spirit of revenge,
waiting only for a favorable opportunity
ecute his vengeance upon the inhabit-
of this place, it could hardly have exci-
nore interest and eagerness in the con-
tions of the various circles of people.
ing was heard but, "Burchard, Burch-
Burchard." Every person who came
the place on business, inquired "first of
whether Burchard had arrived. This
the *pass-word* of the day.
ose who believed, or professed to be-
, that he was sent of God, and would
tended by the special power of the High-
manifested unusual gravity, and anxiety
e salvation of 'precious immortal souls.'
r love for souls, all at once, seemed to
hotter and hotter." And such as were
st rather opposed to Burchard's coming,
had reluctantly consented to it, "talked
" upon the subject, and threw out in-
tions that he would not be allowed to
the control of the church here, as he
in some other places. A third class,
isting mostly of persons belonging to
meetings of limitarian creeds, though
t to have Burchard come and wake th

RCHARD'S ARRIVAL

, and inspire the ministe
and energy. They concl
that there must be somethi
ntric or remarkable in his m
s and his exercises, to con
rge audiences and protract
such inordinate length.
their generation, therefore
upon turning the concern
it; and taking 'the middle c
ared to say "beast" or "bird
stances might require.
was a fourth party, whose c
nly expressed in oppositio
gh-pressure operations for ge
lic revivals, though real frie
measures among christians
inations, for the dissemina
truth and the promotion
ood order.
ese of course, would be
Burchardites as enemies of
be classed with such as boy
heir jokes" upon Burchardis
ly turned the whole conce
nt and burlesque. Yes, ar
rd, if I may so call it, got i
the children in the streets,
urrah for Burchard," with
y or wherefore.
Such was the excitemen

en before the time was agreed upon, that e *wonder-worker* was to make his tremenus appearance in our midst. The public nd was in wild commotion.

Well, after weeks and months of painful xiety had passed away, and the place had en repeatedly inundated with marvellous ports of what Burchard was doing at Springld, Perkinsville, Acworth, Grafton, Chesr, &c. it was announced, by "authority," at he would make his appearance, on Tuesıy, then next. This gave another new ıpulse to the already excited feelings of the ultitude. Every nerve was put upon the retch—every eye wide open, and the popace on tiptoe,—"some for fear, some for n, and some they knew not why." The heels of old time moved, tardily, in these ul-trying days. But the memorable *Tuesıy* came, and at the time appointed, the ell of "the White House," or rather, *Hot louse*, began to announce the fact,—*Burch-d's come! come, come! Burchard's come, me, come!* Immediately, the house was ll; and some stood aghast, as if "the gods ad come down in the likeness of men."—leighs and cutters and pungs came pouring ı, from all directions, as though another odfrey was to be executed. The congre tion was a compound of all people, pri les and professions of the place.



At length, Rev. Mr. SOUTHGATE, (Pastor
the church) entered the house, Mr. BURCH
ARD following him, with his cloak wrapp
indifferently around him. On entering th
desk, he took a sovereign glance of the co
gregation. His very look—his movemen
—his affected sighs, were enough to convin
every unbiassed mind, that he was as hea
less and artificial as a play-actor. I can s
in truth that I read him through, in a m
ment; and I should not be afraid to inc
any risk that I am capable of in all world
that my conclusions were correct. He ma
for aught I know, think he is doing good b
influencing people by *fear*—for I will not b
censorious—but he no more believes th
"the Holy Ghost comes pouring into his so
in torrents," than I do. When Mr. Burch
ard made his *debut*, his appearance was s
different from what was expected by som
and feared by others, that they were take
by surprise. To the superficial observer, h
appearance was prepossessing. He has
good forehead, dark searching eyes, ar
stern expression of countenance. H
dressed in dandy-like form. All his
ments were *slow* and *studied* to th
exactness. He opened his psalm-bo
to read, bringing the lids nearly in
and uttered his words generally, in
impressive voice. His first prayer

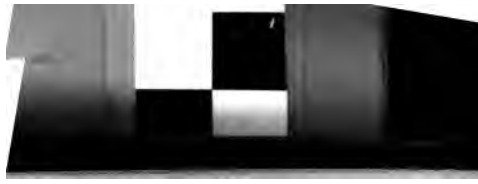
gular in the extreme. It was delivered in a key barely above a whisper, as though he were afraid of disturbing the Object or objects of his devotion.

It was doctrinal to the core, including Calvinistic notions "of the fall of man"—"his sentence to eternal death"—the plan of mercy for the salvation of poor, miserable, "hell-deserving sinners." "the death of the *bleeding* God, the second person in the Holy Trinity," and the "confession that if we had had our deserts, we should all of us, this moment, be lifting up our eyes and unavailing prayers in eternal hell," &c. Mr. B. prayed to *three Gods*, viz. "God the Father," "God the Son," and "God the Holy Ghost;" besides a "*babe almighty*," a "*bleeding lamb*," "Jesus Master—Son of Mary," and several other characters which need not be named. His petition was intended for *effect*. That is all the apology which the case requires. We may add, however, that this holy Compound of Almighty Persons and Infinites, was solemnly reminded that he had "promised to do great things in Woodstock, in these days, and that the church *had taken him at his word*, and were now waiting for the *mighty steam* of the Holy Ghost, *to assist* in saving immortal souls from *eternal perdition*." The last part of the prayer was hurried and incoherent.

And yet kind reader, this medley scriptural doctrines—this jargon of C tic inconsistencies—this catalogue of and childish phrases, was advanced much ostensible reverence—uttered half-whispering but emphatic tones some liberal minded people called it cellent prayer! Mr. Burchard says "*is matter*," and so it would seem; the Rev. Mr. Southgate, in his smilin natured way, uttered the same sen and phrases in prayer even, the abs would have been offensively appar some who admired them in Mr. Burc

Then came on the sermon, from 29:—"*I ask therefore, for what in have sent for me!*" After having par ed most of the chapter, in a way su his purpose, Mr. Burchard went on preparatory discourse. I would pre the way, however, that no adequate tion can be formed of the power an of the sermon, by the following co um, though it is correct. It must c ally be borne in mind, that with Mr. B "*manner is matter.*" He came he to the work, having rested and restor self a week at Windsor. He spal *great emphasis*, and made *small w pear large as mountains*. His *were perfectly* familiar to him, ha

preached hundreds of times. He knew exactly how to pronounce every sentence, so as to produce the greatest effect. He was "theatrical" in the highest possible degree. He frequently struck his hands together, making a loud report. Every nerve and muscle was called into requisition, and though his action was unsuitable for the pulpit, it answered his purpose. The house at once became a *theatre*, and the news went out as on wings of lightning that Mr. B. had performed in "*twelve theatres*," to universal acceptance, but "got religion" a few years since and is now the greatest preacher in the world. This, and similar stories, took finely. Mr. B. was continually in motion, balancing about like a wire-dancer, or smiting the desk, or the Bible, most violently. He would frequently lean back, nearly to an angle of 45 degrees, stretch abroad and upward his open or fisted hands, and with his face looking directly into the heavens, exclaim and scream with varied modulations of voice; pronouncing the tremendous names of "God almighty," "Jesus Christ, immortal God," "Holy Ghost—eternal almighty God," &c. with surprising effect upon weak and inexperienced minds, who regarded sounds more than sense. Then, bringing his hands together over his head and downward to his sides, Mr. B. would throw his coat to



right and left, making a very tasteful exhibition of the "*white linen*" in his *open bosom* and *under his arms*. This was very attracting to a certain class, and with a little spiritualizing, would prove him to be one of "the saints." Then pressing his sides violently he declared, as with volleys of oaths, that the Holy Ghost was pouring into him in mighty streams. All this was done with such startling effect, and in such a solemn and impossible manner, that those who did not look closely into the subject, were liable to be deceived and take it for a reality.

Those who believed him divinely sent were completely over-awed and enraptured. It mattered not how ridiculous and unbecoming his expressions and actions were, it was all the work of the Holy Ghost! Those who were hangers-on upon superstition thought it necessary "to *get religion*," instead of being rationally *religious*, were settled and filled with amazement. Those again, who had been waiting for an excuse for making a profession of religion, found "absolution" at the hand of a priest to thereby cover over a multitude of sins, and this a grand opportunity to answer their purposes.

But one thing we must be allowed to say *without meaning* to call in question the sincerity *of new* professors of religion

that of all the numerous revivals which we have witnessed for *thirty years*, we have never seen one, which promised so little good, according to the amount of exertion, as this Burchardistic excitement. If any thing takes place, under the name of religious awakenings, which occasions more evil than good, we soberly believe that it is just such a *spasmodic, inquisitorial* revival, as has recently *cursed* Woodstock and its vicinity. Nothing but a devout determination to acquiesce in the measures of divine Providence, could induce us to be thankful; unless, indeed we are thankful that God has spared such a multitude of people, from the damning delusion which J. Burchard brought upon this place. If he was sent of God, it must have been agreeable to 1 Kings xxii, 22, 23, or 2 Thess. ii, 11, 12, which the reader can examine at his leisure.

PART SECOND.

Mr. Burchard's first Discourse—Brief Remarks—
ing Services of the first Day, and Remarks.

MR. BURCHARD'S FIRST SERMO

TEXT—"I ask, therefore, for what intent ye
sent for me?" Acts x. 29.

AFTER the introduction, the preache
—I shall make the question my own, an
you, "for what *intent you* have sent for
What do you want of me? or what d
expect that I, a poor feeble piece of cla
do for you?

Some of you will say, we want you to
the Spirit of God with you that we may
a *revival* of religion among us. The cl
in this place, is now, and has been, for a
time, in a cold and languishing condi
and we want a powerful revival of reli

That may be true, for I have found
in other places. Do you think that
bring the Holy Spirit of God with me
want to let out this work by the jo
do you! Well, I can tell you I w
it. But what do you suppose I can d

What! is there no God, in Woodstock, unless I am here? What a delusion! Why, if there is not a God here, mighty to save, whether I am here or not, you will never have a revival of religion, and sinners will stumble by hundreds, over lifeless church-members into eternal perdition.

Another says, we sent for this man that he might *rouse* us from our slumbers.—*wake us up.* As a church we have been asleep for years, and we need powerful efforts to wake us up, and make us do our duty.

What! asleep! and need waking up?—Brother? Sister? Are you a christian? I hope so. What! a christian, and sensible that hundreds and thousands among you are exposed to eternal hell, and yet asleep?—Surprising! Just look at the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, and see what constitutes a christian; [reading verses 5 and 6, and applying them to suit him himself.]—Hence, it is impossible for christians to be asleep, and need *waking up.* Real christians never sleep. They keep their eyes fixed upon "Jerusalem"—the salvation of sinners—and "prefer" it "above their chief joy," Hark! look here,—a mother has a darling child, off five or six miles, and she receives word *that her* child is very sick, and is suffering *extremely.* Hark! she sends for *minister to* come a great distance and pr

n her. What for? Why she wants he uld *wake her up!* She is *asleep* then, she? Ha! what! a mother asleep need d waking up, while her dear child is suffer- g excruciating pains? Monstrous!!

Again. Another says, we want such a owerful work of the Holy Ghost in this hurch—such a shaking among the dry bones —as we hear of in other places,—Springfield, Perkinsville, Grafton, Chester, and in the towns round about.

What! send for *me* to come here, because God Almighty has poured out his spirit ir torrents upon *other* towns? Have a revive to be in *fashion*? because other churche are blest with revivals? Then you ought t be disappointed; and if you have no bett motives, I pray God that your prayers, if y offer any, may not be answered. Hark! lc here; if you want a revival in Woodstc you must ask God to grant it, to save tl perishing, immortal souls from eternal pe tion, who are out of the ark of safety. T what you want a revival for; to save sir in *Woodstock* and in the towns round a from going down to hell. But don't a the Holy Spirit, because God show down upon other places.

Again. Another says, we sent ' *man to help us* convert some of the *luential neighbors.* We want ther

church, so that our *taxes* may be light-
l.
a! that is what you sent for me to do
! Well, Sir, how much do you have to
to support your minister? Why, *ten*,
ty, *thirty*, or perhaps some of you, *forty*
rs a year,—for I don't know any thing
much it costs—but no matter, I wish it
you ten times as much—I don't care
much. [It must be considered that
. Mr. *Southgate* during this time, *was*
ing with laughter. And who blames
?] Instead of praying to God to have
taxes lightened, I would go four or five
s over these mountains and pray God
tily that he would double them. I don't
how much it costs you to support the
el. What have you, Sir, that is your
? Look here! How come you by what
possess? [A *knotty question for some* of
n.] Why, God has lent it to you. And
any thing wrong for you to give it back
ie owner? Jesus Christ says, "it is more
sed to give than to receive." And so it
There is no blessing in receiving. Sup-
you put a *five* or *ten* dollar bill into my
d, as a disciple of Christ, and I say, I
k you, Sir. Do I get the blessing? No
none at all. The blessing is all yours,
which proves the words of Jesus to be

rue,—It is *more* blessed to give, than to receive.

Another says, we want this man to fill ip our church; we need accessions. There ire other denominations of christians here,—Episcopalians, Methodists, and Baptists,—if here are any Baptists here,—for I am a stranger and know nothing about these things,—ind we wish to win some of them over to our church.

And so you want a revival to fill up the Presbyterian or Congregational church, do ye? Well, then I may as well be away now is to tarry two or three weeks; for, although I am a Presbyterian myself* yet I trust in God Almighty I am no sectarian. I hav'nt come here to build up any one church, but lo as I have in other places, convert souls to Christ, and let them join any church as their inclination may lead them.† There are no Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists or Methodists in heaven.—

*Rev. *C. G. Finney*, yoke-fellow of Mr. Burchard makes the following confession, in regard to the con of the Presbyterian Assembly. "Their contentions anglings are so *ridiculous*, so *wicked*, so *outrage* hat no doubt there is a jubilee in Hell, every year, a he time of the meeting of the General Assembly." compliment this, from their fellow-wrangler!

† *Here Mr. B. told* how many joined the Episc *otists, &c. at Windsor.*

None but Christians enter there. So if you are not willing to have souls converted to Christ, and left to their own choice in uniting with churches, I have no more to do among you. I am *no sectarian*, thank God.

Another says—and perhaps it is a *wife*—I have an unregenerate *husband*, that I wish to have converted; or an *husband*,—I have a *wife* that I want should get religion; or it may be parents, who have a son or a daughter or children that they wish to have share in a revival. If there is a great revival here, say they, we are in hopes that our unconverted friends will share in it.

Very probable, yes, *very probable*. But if you say you won't engage in the work, unles you can have the assurance that these particular persons thall get converted, I can't join with you. God *may* pour out his Spirit effectually upon that *husband*, *wife*, *son* or *daughter*, during this revival, or he may *not*. But for you to insist on their conversion, in particular, is to be criminally selfish—and prayers to that effect, would be like the prayer of the old deacon, who said, "O Lord, I pray for me and my wife, and my son and his wife, and nobody else." [This *serious* and *elegant* allusion need not be explained.]—You *must pray* to almighty God that he *would pour down* the Holy Ghost and save *souls from* eternal death, and leave the re

sult to Jesus Christ—eternal God, the se
person in the holy Trinity.

Another says, we want a revival be
we want to be *happy*.

O yes, that's it,—want to be *happy*, d
And so you will engage in this work, p
ding God will engage to make you *hap*
religion; but if not, you refuse to do
thing for the salvation of immortal sou
Ah, then I may as well leave now, as
any thing for you. God knows I hav
come to make you *happy*, nor to enjoy
ment's happiness myself. I have not h
moment's peace nor rest for more than t
years, [I think this is the number] and I
God I never may have, till I reach yo
heaven, my eternal REST. You mus
expect that I shall pray for a revival to
you happy. Hark! look here,—Hav
got religion, James? [Looking and
ting into the gallery.] "Why yes, I h
have." Well, how do you *feel*, James
you *happy?* [Giving a silly smile, a
same time.] "O yes, I am *happy*."
you are no christian. Your religion
worth a groat. Look here,—God Alm
says, in the 6th chapter of Ephesians th
must engage in a mighty warfare, and
and struggle for our lives, against pri
ties and all the powers of the devil, t
of the power of the air, and the go

orld. And is there any peace—any hap-
ness, in fighting, and wrestling, and strug-
ing to the very utmost of your ability ?
I tell you again, that I don't enjoy a mo-
ent's rest,—nor would I stand here an in-
ant if it made me *happy*. There is no
st in fighting and warring. I am constant-
fighting, and you must fight, or God *won't*
ess you. Those who an't actively engaged
this warfare, can't expect to share in the
ial triumphs. [Mr. B. then mentioned the
eat battle of Waterloo, when the destines
two Empires and indeed of all contiential
urope were at stake, &c.]
So you see, my friends, that I have only
ken your hearts right out, and *held them*
NAKED before you, and *turned them over*
id *over*, that you might see them. There's
mystery—no charm, about this matter.—
ou can all understand it. I do here, just
I did at Springfield, Acworth, Perkinsville,
id Grafton, where God poured out his holy
pirit with power, and Lawyers, Physicians,
erchants, Farmers, Mechanics, &c. were
nverted and enjoyed the hope of salvation
their souls. Was it not the work of the
oly Ghost there, or were these men of intel-
ct and learning such fools as to come right
rward and take the anxious-seats and give
eir hearts to God, when it was the effect o
chanism and fanaticism, instead of t

MR. BURCHARD'S

Hark! look here; I have seen
reatest intellect—Judges, and
l Generals, and Colonels, and
me and get *down upon their*
sk prayers of a *feeble piece of*
od Almighty sent the Holy Ghost
eir souls, and they were convert-
g his hands together,] in a mo-
d just so it may be in Woodstock
ch will rise and turn out the mon-
ers and do her duty. She must
agonize, and fight for the salvation
s. They know they are guilty and
to be sent to eternal hell, and they
ng to the church of Christ for help
t does she do for them? What has
h in this place been doing for yea
Why, she has been saying, "sinner
go to hell, if you please; for I wo
sincere prayer for your salvation
ee then, Sirs, that I have not cc
et up a revival or wake up sle
; nor to get you into the *fash*
laces; nor to convert wealthy
hurch, to lighten your taxes; n
this church to the exclusion o
copalians, Methodists and Ba
vert some favorite persons, *hu*
d, &c. nor to make you h
there, young lads in the
and don't make a noise.

But lastly, for what intent *should* you have sent for me, to insure you a divine blessing? Well, I come to the point at once—it is this, to glorify God and vindicate the honor and majesty of his name from reproach. Now what is the divine glory, and how is God's name reproached?

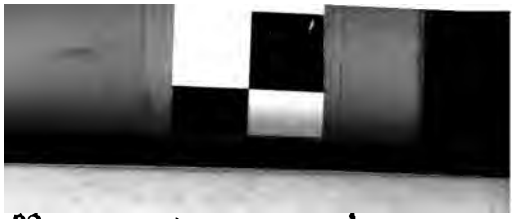
I will illustrate. Suppose some celebrated personage—your President, or rather Buonaparte, has a son, who hears the name of his father defamed and disgraced. He is fired with indignation and anger, and says, I will vindicate my father's name from such vile reproach. Or, to make it a little more plain, though I fear I have trespassed on your time—but if you will be still there, in the galleries, I will close in a few moments;—to be more plain, suppose a great man comes from Berkshire county, and is held up as a candidate for some high office. He is highly esteemed for a while, and justly too; but standing in the way of some office-seekers, he is at length opposed and slandered, and his name is covered with deep reproach. He has a son, who hears all this; he is filled with holy wrath, and resolves on redeeming his father's good name from unmerited infamy. He goes to Berkshire county; gets certificates from *the most* respectable citizens; nay *calls a town* or county meeting, and gets the *testimony of the* whole county, in proof

his father's good name. And now, look here! what would he do? *What w he do!* Why, he would seize the docu and return home as quick as possible, sa I will defend my father's name from repr I will act for his glory. He comes, u his scroll, reads his certificates, and sa his father's enemies—There, you see I redeemed the character of my father—hi ry is untarnished.

And we must do the same for God, would have a revival. We must first re the glory of God—Jesus Master—who on the cross. How is his name treated into your streets, work-shops and public ses, and hear what is said of him. blasphemed and disgraced continually his anger waxes hot, as in the days of M When God was impatient to go dow destroy his stiff-necked people, Moses v prevent him from sacrificing his glory. God says, [and this was *acted out* to a fig "Get out of my way, Moses! Let me a I am determined to send these abomi rebels to hell, where they ought to have long ago. *Get out of my way, Mos* me kill 'em." But Moses wrestled r *with God,* and reminded God of what *done for his* people, and what he ha *ised to do,* and that it would be t *his glory, if* he should destroy the

face of the earth; and Moses prevailed, and the divine honor was not tarnished. And so must you do, in Woodstock, if you would have the out-pouring of the Holy Ghost.—The church must stand between an angry God and these poor, hell-deserving sinners, who are provoking him to anger every moment of their lives. If the church in this place, is as cold and formal as many other churches, I wonder that God has delayed his judgments so long. Hark! look here, young men in the galleries—just keep still one moment longer, there is not a moment to lose; your souls must be saved now, or they will be lost forever. You know there is an eternal hell, and you are looking to *the church* for salvation. That's right, exactly right.—The church has not done her duty, or you would have been converted, years ago.

Brethren, we must come right to the throne of God, with pure hearts and motives, and say, "look right here into my heart, Lord Jesus Christ—almighty, bleeding Saviour, and scan my intentions." And now I solemnly declare I would'nt preach these things, if I did'nt believe them, and know there is an eternal hell for the sinners of Woodstock.—And *I challenge God Almighty* to look right *into my soul,* and see if my motives are no ure; *for God knows* that I ought to



damn'd, if I don't believe what I preach, an do all for the glory of God.*

BRIEF REMARKS.

The reader will perceive that the for going discourse was "cunningly devised. Though somewhat severe, it included s many serious truths, that the church-men bers cowered beneath it, with shame-face ness and confusion. No one, acquainte with the circumstances, could doubt bu that the speaker, to use his own word *had taken out their hearts, held them up an turned them over before the eyes* of the whol congregation. In other words, Mr. B. ha exposed the selfish, proselyting *motiv* which actuated most of those people wh had invited him to this place. So far as can learn, they plead guilty to the sever charges alleged against them, and receive frequent chastisements with becoming sul mission.

This management was exactly calculate to *take* with the non-professing part of th audience. They were highly gratified.- *Many of* them chuckled and laughed, sa

*Some irreverent, incoherent remarks followed, lose, which I shall not commit to paper.

ing, "how he does *lash* the White House church? His home thrusts make them wince. He does well; I like him for that. Let the fellow go on; he is managing better here, than he did at Windsor and other places." Such was the whisper and humbuz of the promiscuous group. Seeing them thus deceived and cheerful, I was often reminded of the couplet—

> "You *laugh*—'tis well—*the tale applied*
> Will make you *laugh* on '*tother side.*"

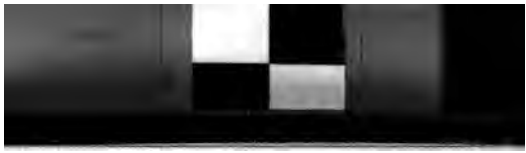
Very few were aware that the artful speaker was casting a mist before their eyes, to enlist them in his favor. As he told one of his friends at Windsor, he was "touching them with a feather." The multitude saw the *bait* floating, as it was thrown out, but not discovering the *hook and line*, seized it with avidity. Yes, some of them swallowed it, hook and all, as the result will show, and, in due time, "were drawn in" at the pleasure of "the angler."

The stratagem took admirably with the people belonging to the several sects which were favorably noticed by Mr. Burchard. Those churches which were on the verge of a comfortless existence, thought well of a Presbyterian revivalist who was not *sectarian, but* would assist in making co

Episcopalians, Methodists and Bap-
ell as Congregationalists. It pre-
fair opportunity for building up
ties. They had hopes of crushing
ersalist Society in its infancy, and
ig the "*Christian*" church in this
Mr. B. had told them of the distri-
which was made of his converts at
r and elsewhere, and of the acces-
hich were made to the *Episcopalians*,
s, and Methodists. What a strong
ment for them to come in, and share
fruits of a revival! It does not seem
e occurred to the *Episcopalians* and
, that, had Mr. B. announced his
nination to labor exclusively for the
egationalists, the excitement would
been very limited. The other sects
up against him, his attempt woul
been a failure. The deep-rooted a
y which existed between "the Epi
ans" and "the white house folks
have been reanimated, and ten
Burchard could have remained
ace, carrying on his fanatical ope
to the annoyance of the peace
order of society, as many *days* a
eks. He was aware of all this,
his course accordingly. He enli
y trinitarian believers in ***endless***
ossible.

Again. Had Mr. B. excluded Episcopalians, where would he have found his *hundred dollars* per week, for saving immortal souls from the wrath of their God and Father. He knew where the amount of wealth was deposited. He knew whose *names* would exert the greatest influence when announced for special prayer, or cried off as hopeful converts. He knew full well that *monied* and influential men must be interested in the concern, or his pockets would not be lined with *five*, *ten*, *twenty* and *fifty* dollar bills. He remembered how the *hundreds of dollars* came flowing in at Windsor, Springfield, Acworth, Perkinsville, Grafton, Chester, and numerous other places, the country over. He knew, too, that to call Mrs. Burchard an Episcopalian, would feather her nest as well as his. The sum of FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS, less or more, could not be pocketed for four weeks labor, in this village, without some art and management. But the credulous souls were "caught napping," and did not discover the intrigue till it was too late to extricate themselves.

It will also be perceived by the foregoing discourse, that the preacher frequently alluded to his wonderful success in making converts *of great names* in other places. He *was careful to* mention "Judges," "Law-



yers," "Physicians," &c.; but said nothi
about the multitude of giddy little ch
dren, the boys and girls from five to fifte
years old, who were the trophies of h
wily impositions in sundry places. Essa
ing to speak in the name of the Lord, a
being no sectarian, his *ipse dixit* was recei
ed without examination. Let these fa
be a solemn warning to others. Let the
pause and examine his pretensions befc
they give countenance to his measures.

But what is most evident and humiliati
of all, is, that while Mr. Burchard w
castigating the church for sending for h
to get *up a revival—to wake* up the sleepi
professors—to *convert particular persons*, a
make them *happy*, these were some of t
most prominent objects for which he lab
ed, as will be seen by the history of
proceedings. In playing that game of
ception, his object was two-fold, viz. fi
to get the church under his control; a
secondly, decoy the non-professing mu
tude, by pretending to act, all the wh
for the salvation of immortal souls fr
eternal hell.

Never did a religious impostor man
the card with greater adroitness. The
points which he *seemed* to discounte
he made the leading strings of his r
ing operations. What an artful b

less imposition ! It makes my blood freez in its courses, when I reflect that a profes sed servant of the guileless Jesus, shoula assume the Christian name, for such base and hypocritical purposes. I do not, in these remarks, intend any disrespect towards my friends and neighbors who were the subjects of this ridiculous imposition. By no means. I am giving expression to the feelings of deep abhorrence of the man, or *means*, by which they were miserably deluded; and if I fail to show, to the clearest demonstration, that Mr. B sat his own pretensions at defiance, in the measures which he pursued, then let the decision of an enlightened public follow me with merited severity.

The closing part of Mr. B's sermon, hows with what total recklessness he hanlles the scriptures. Will the reader be so ind as to turn to Acts, chapter x. and read om verse 29 to 33 ? He will then see the ue answer to the question in the text,— ask, therefore, for what intent you have t for me ?" The answer was—"Now, refore, we are all here present before d, *to hear all things that are commanded of God.*" Does this agree, at all, with B's *answer* ? Did Peter represent God *ving got* involved in some great diffi , *like* a great man from Berkshi

anty, whose name was before the people
r political preferment, and who was de-
nding on his indignant son, to redeem his
ame from unmerited infamy ? Reader, is
here the least semblance of similarity in
he two casses ? You will not pretend it.

No candid person can fail to perceive that the preacher, standing in the house of God, exalted himself above all that he called God, and showed that he was better than the God he professed to serve. He implied that he was able to redeem the character of God from infamy ! Audacious pretension for instead of removing the stains whic attached to the character of the God of Ca vinism, he gave them a hue of uncommc aggravation.

Mr. Burchard alluded to the profane u of the divine name, in this village. T people *disgrace themselves* by their profani is highly probable. But for one, I say in truth, that in all the circles in wl I have been, I have not heard the hundr part of the profanity in this town, du five months residence here, that I heard Mr. B's lips in the sacred desk. My heart was pained within me, to he *vollies of* blasphemous expressions, *should call* them, which poured fro *mouth of the* wonder-working revi *Woodstock.*

EXERCISES OF TUESDAY EVENING.

THE exercises of *Tuesday Evening*, gave tone and character to all the subsequent proceedings. The point was conceded that evening, in the minds of many, that Mr. Burchard was accompanied by the Holy Ghost, and of course, it would be *dangerous to oppose him* or reject his message. He managed with great dexterity to produce this convicton. He commenced by reading the 4th chapter of the 1st Epistile of Peter, interlarding it with 'awfully solemn' remarks. He applied all the "trials," "sufferings," and "reproaches" to himself, and expressed a very *earnest* [?] desire, to be counted worthy to suffer martyrdom.—"Some people," said he, "say they would not be reproached as I am and suffer as much as I do, for all the world. You, probably, are of the same opinion. Well, then, you differ exactly from me. All that I am affraid of, is that I don't suffer half enough. My enemies don't reproach and persecute me an hundredth part so much as I wish they *would*. *I shall never attain to a martyr's glory*, at this rate. Oh! my God! how

few there are who are worthy to wear
martyr's crown. Oh! God Almighty
deny me not the privilege of sharing in th
glory of martyrdom." Here, Mr. B. agai
introduced a comparison drawn from th
grand battle of Napoleon, to show tha
those who did not fight and suffer, coul
not expect to be crowned with glory an
honor. It was evident that many who ha
entertained suspicions of his sincerity, wer
now constrained to believe him honest!—
They could not think that he would be
willing to suffer reproach, and even aspir
to come to an untimely cruel death, unle
he was a sincere christian! The dear cre
ulous souls—females especially—did n
perceive that all his asseverations were d
signed for *effect*, in gaining the confiden
and sympathies of the audience. No di
cerning mind can admit for a moment, o
due consideration, that Mr. B. wishes t
die by *violent hands*, as a *martyr*. Not
all. That was all moonshine—mere pr
tension—and yet it answered the end f
which it was designed.

SECOND SERMON.

THE sermon was, substantially, what I have many times heard. The *difference* was in the *manner*.

The TEXT was from St. John's Gospel, the 5th chapter, from the 1st to the 4th verse, inclusive.

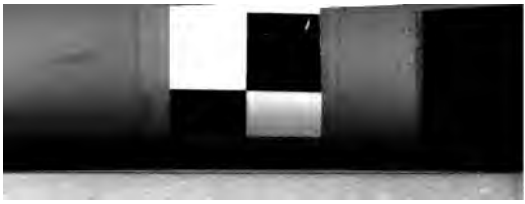
After this there was a feast of the Jews; and Jesus went up to Jerusalem.

Now there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep-*market*, a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, having five porches.

In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water; whosoever then first, after the troubling of the water, stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

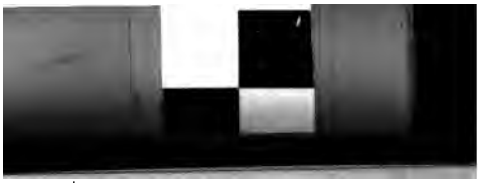
The speaker proceeded to say, that "we know nothing about this "pool," except that the water was *medicinal* when moved or troubled by the angel of the Lord. That it was *troubled* at *certain times*, and then only was it medicinal." Hence he inferred, that the Holy Spirit did not cure sinners of their moral maladies, only at *set times*, when it was "troubled" like the water of Bethseda. *He said,* "*God* had always had set times, particular seasons, for favoring Zion, and



man of sense could deny it. All who pretended to believe the Bible, must allow that the motion of the Holy Ghost, like that of the water, has been sometimes *more* and sometimes *less* powerful. And salvation can be obtained only when the Spirit moves and comes at first ripple *ripple*, RIPPLE, and then rising higher and higher, comes rush, *rush*, RUSH; converting men of the first intellect and standing in society;—as was the case at Windsor, Grafton, Chester, and Springfield." Mr Burchard remarked that some of his converts from those towns were present, and could testify to the truth of what he said. He continued—"They are persons of veracity, and the testimony of any two or three of them against a man charged with a crime involving life, or death, would be sufficient to convict him, and cause any impartial jury to bring him in *guilty*. Yes, their word would cost any man, woman, or child in this house, his, or her life.* They can testify that the Holy

* But the assumption that his converts are not "such fools" as to disqualify them from being received as witnesses, proves too much, because, upon the same principle, we can prove Salem *witchcraft* was the work of the Holy Ghost; for, the *converts in that revival*, were *equal*, in point of talents and veracity, to those to whom *Mr. B. referred, and* their testimony actually cost innocent *people their lives!* By the same reasoning, every religious *system, however ridiculous*, may be proved true.

Ghost came pouring down upon those places, *Springfield*, in particular, like streams from the surrounding hills in times of copious showers. And yet some have had the impudence to call this the effect of *fanaticism*—the result of *mechanism*. What! do they think the people are all *fools*? What! men of the highest standing—men holding the first offices in the towns or counties; *are they fools*? Don't they know whether they felt the Holy Ghost coming upon them rush, *rush*, RUSH, or not? Didn't they know whether they were made whole or whether they were left with all the corruptions and pollutions, which they naturally possessed? Hark! look here, ☞young man in the gallery. Would you send for a Doctor if you wasn't sensible of being sick? Certainly not. Look here! Suppose I tell you to send for a Doctor. You say, No, I won't I am well enough. Very well, Sir; but if you had had a Doctor and he had cured you of some dreadful complaint, would you be *such a fool* as not to *know* whether you was cured or not? You see then, that there is no *fetch*, no *mechanism* in these revivals. The water—the Holy Spirit—is troubled, *troubled* TROUBLED, and sinners come *right* forward to the anxious *seats—they step right* into the water and salvation comes [slapping his hands togethe



violently,] right into their souls. Tl
it. That's just the way the work wen
in Chester, Acworth, Perkinsville, and
er places.

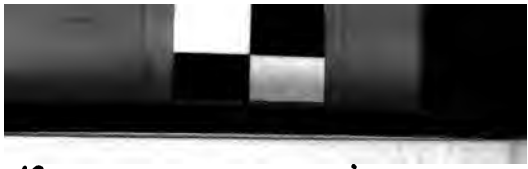
Some people have objections to t
protracted meetings, *anxious seats*, and
constant praying. They don't like so n
bustle and commotion. They dislik
see any thing more than some gentle
ples—some slight agitations of the w
They can't bear to have the water TR
LED worse, and *worse*, and WORSE.]
don't consider that the worse the wat
troubled, the better, and the higher
waves rise, *rise*, RISE, the more medi
they are.

Hark! look here,—suppose I was a
rusalem, at the pool, Bethesda. Ther
"five porches," filled with multitudes,
ed as it were one upon another; the b
the halt, the lame, with those afflicted
the scrofula, leprosy, &c. I see a poor
tal, suffering in extreme agony. I s
him, Friend, you appear to be deeply a
ted; I suppose you have come some
tance to try these medical waters. H
swers, Yes, my sufferings are excrucia
and I have come 200 miles or more, t
if there is any virtue in this pool. V
Sir, the water is now "troubled" and c
up—wave after wave, rush, rush; n

me help you in, and you will be made whole in a moment. No, says he, I won't go in yet. Why, what's the matter, Sir?—Why, to tell the truth, I don't like the *motion* of the water—there is too much action—it rises too high. I will wait till it gets about right. But—the waves begin to sink away—the pool grows calm, and just as the poor wretch gets suited, there is no motion.—He steps in, but the medicinal qualities are gone, and he falls back, a *corpse in my arms.*

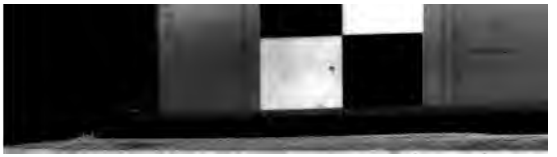
The infirm man was not willing to have the angel TROUBLE the water *so much.* Neither are some christians willing to let God Almighty come into the church, with the strong, rushing power of the Holy Ghost. They would prescribe bounds to the Almighty. They would say to God,—We want a revival and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, but don't let it come so suddenly, and, like a mighty wind disturbing the peaceful lake, cause the waves to rise too high, and make too much noise.

But some one will say, no, Sir, your comparison is not a good one, because the gospel is the same in all ages and can't be changed. I agree yith you, friend, that the gospel is the same—religion is the same at all times. But then, there are different ways of preaching it, you know. Truths may be presented in new lights. The doc



trines of the adorable Trinty—the total depravity of the human heart—the eternal and unalterable purposes of God—the threatnings of eternal death to the sinner, &c. are precious truths, and mus'nt be neglected or denied. Just so certain as there is a heaven of eternal blessedness, so there is a hell of eternal damnation. But these doctrines may be handled to better effect by some ministers than others.

The spirit of God Almighty which is the sword of his ministers, moved powerfully in the days of WHITEFIELD; and JONATHAN EDWARDS, a greater and better than whom, America never produced, and probably never will, instead of opposing, mounted the whirlwind and rode upon the storm, and by his prudent foresight, struck off some excrescences, and with his gigantic intellect, gave a new impulse and direction to the mighty work of God. He wielded the sword of the Spirit dexterously and conquered thousands of souls, which will be stars of the first magnitude in the crown of his glory and rejoicing. But every minister can't be a WHITEFIELD, an EDWARDS, a TENNENT. Ministers are differently constituted, and fight the battles of the Lord with different degrees of success. *Some are* qualified, like expert soldiers, to *work wonders* for God and his church.



I knew a man at the West, some years since, who with nothing but a *sword* to defend himself with, was attacked by six active soldiers with guns and bayonets; and when he had retreated to a corner, they made a desperate charge upon him, but he warded off their thrusts, *this way* and *that way*, and with the point of his sword, took off their bayonets, one after another, for more than two hours. Then, one of the soldiers shot him—that was a mean cowardly act—to shoot so brave a fellow.

So it is with ministers—they handle the sword of the spirit with different degrees of dexterity.*

But some are willing to be saved, but don't like to be the *first*; it is *unfashionable* to be first to take the *anxious seats* and be prayed for. They are not used to these measures; they wait for somebody else.—Let some of our *first men* take the lead, say they, and I will follow. As though a man at the pool should say, when invited to go into the water and be healed; Why, I see others in yonder porches, as much afflicted as I am,—the Squire, the Captain, the General, and other great characters.—Let them go first, and I will follow. Hark! look here,—he don't consider that he who

*Mr. Barchard enlarged here by referring to the 6th chapter of Ephesians.

first enters is *first* healed. Well, while I am pleading, and the poor creature is waiting for others to take the lead, the water ceases to move—he sees it—a moment too late, and falls back, a lifeless corpse in my arms! My God! he was WAITING FOR OTHERS!

But says another, I don't like these *new measures*—I don't believe in making *improvements* every few years in the means of grace. I am satisfied with the good old way of making christians. You convert people *too fast.*

But stop, Sir, look here,—you like *improvements* in every thing excepting religion? Must things always go on the same old way? When I was young, we used to winnow grain with a fan, and it was slow work. Afterward a machine was invented that would work much faster. And if an invention should be sought out by which one man would winnow an hundred bushels in a day, you would be pleased with it. The more work it would turn off, the better. So it should be in revivals. I used to work a week, as hard as I could, to get 8, 9, 10, 11, converted. And when we made 20 converts in a week, it was noised all about the country, as though we had wrought wonders. But now you see I count *an hundred*, and a hundred and ten, as at *Grafton, Chester, Springfield and Acworth.*

And I expect to live to see the day, when I shall see *three thousand* souls converted in a day. Yes, three thousand souls saved from hell in a day!

But some say, this is not exactly the *way* that *others do it*. I don't like the *manner* of doing the work. What! and find fault with God Almighty, will ye? Suppose I should find fault with God because the winds don't blow here in Vermont, just as they do in New York? What would you think of me, if I should say, I did'nt like the *manner* of carrying on storms here? I say to God Almighty, I want you to make the winds blow among these mountains and vallies, just as they do over on the Lakes? They are too chilly, and too hard. This I have just as good a right to do, as you have to tell God how the Holy Ghost should come down to convert sinners.

But some will say, well, well, well, the conversions are well enough—but I don't like the way; it is too harsh, and violent.—Look here, Sir. Suppose my only son, eight years old, falls into the Connecticut river; sinks the second time, and would be drowned, were it not for a man who plunges into the water, seizes him by the shoulder, and drags him out of the water. I come to my son, all *pale and* trembling with the cold, *and thank the man* for saving his life. Bu

just as we are going to part, I ask my fri
how he took my son out of the water?
thinks it is a strange question, but info
me that he *seized him by the shoulder*
dragged him to the shore. I am very m
displeased! He asks me what the matter
whether I wanted my child to drown? I
him no, but I don't like *the way* in which
did me the kindness. He ought to have
ken my son *under the arms*, and *saved*
life genteelly! [A laugh all over the hou
Look here; a man is employed to cradl
field of grain; and he works fast, and lays
grain well, but the employer complains,
cause the man *stoops* too much. Anot
laborer is employed; but he also is fou
fault with. He asks the owner of the fie
why he complains? Don't I cradle the gr
well? O yes, says he, but you are *left ha*
ed, and I don't like the *way* in which you
the work. Besides, you are too violent a
work too fast. You do too much in a d
[Another broad smile.]

Another says, there is too much *exci*
ment—too much hurry—let people have ti
to deliberate before they act.

Ay, yes, that's one of the devil's plans
blinding the church, and preventing the wo
of the Holy Spirit—the third person in t
adorable Trinity. Why, common sense teac
es you that you can't do any thing with

excitement. Men are *excited* to get property. But, look here, that man in the gallery, says, I don't want a cent of property, unless I can get it without excitement and action. Very well, Sir, continue of that opinion, and I will engage you won't have any.

The devil says, don't be so hasty—keep *cool*, be *patient*—and take suitable time for reflection. Take off your attention from this bustle, for a few hours, and attend to your business. Give yourself time to think.

But, Sirs, suppose you listen to this delusion of the old tempting devil? What then? Why, hark! look here,—the man at the pool, sees multitudes rushing towards the water, and others returning, healed of their painful maladies, and he is urged to improve the moment, and be made whole. But he says, don't be in a hurry—be patient—I want time to write a *receipt* for *two dollars*. But I tell him to leave that trifling matter and hurry along to the water, for its motion begins to subside, and he may loose the chance of being healed. He delays, however, saying he will come in a minute. He finishes the receipt, signs it, and comes forward, but alas! he is one minute *too late*—the water is no longer troubled—and he dies amidst groans and agonies unutterable. Miserable, deluded creature;—[smiting *the Bible* violently,] to lose his *life for the sake* of saving two dollars?—

Look here, sinner,—will you lose your chance of being saved for *two dollars*? Go to *hell*, to save two dollars, will ye, ha? You say, we can't spend time to attend the anxious meeting. A mechanic's time is worth *fifty cents*, and the merchant's a *dollar*, for instance. Ah, and sell the immortal glories of heaven, will ye, for *fifty cents!* Well that *soul ought to be damned eternally*, that would thus barter away the joys of heaven, and worse than Judas, sell the blood of his God, for less than thirty pieces of silver. Jesus Christ, God Almighty says, What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own *immortal* soul.* Hark! look here, Sir; such will be your portion, as true as there is a God in heaven, if you refuse to be saved now the Holy Ghost is coming down upon Woodstock. If I don't believe this, Sir, I ought to be eternally damned. But if it is true—and I know it is, as well as I know there is a God in heaven—then, Sir, if you neglect this opportunity of being saved—if you ask for time to transact a little more business and are unwilling to be *exci-*

*There is no such phrase, as "immortal soul" in the Bible. See Matt. xvi, 26. The same word is rendered *life* verse 25, and *soul*, in the 26th Dr. A. Clark says, "why *psuche is rendered in* the 25th verse *life*, and in this verse *soul, I know not*; but I an certain it means life in both *places.*" *Nothing* can be more evident.

ted, your immortal soul will go down to eternal damnation.

The church has been deceived by the devil, and talks about giving people time *to think*. That's all nonsense. Men won't think. If sinners an't saved till they are made *to think*, they will all be damned, as certain as there is a God, a heaven and a hell. Brethren, we must take people as they *are*, not as we would *have them to be*. Let any good minister, even Br. Southgate of this church, preach the doctrines of the gospel ever so plainly, from sabbath to sabbath, and then tell sinners to *think* upon the subject of salvation, and make up their minds coolly; and how many would be saved, by their *thinking*?—How many? Say. Why common sense teaches that he would'nt save one in a month. I tell you, *people won't think, they are too lazy and dull to think!* They want *excitement*. I have found by several years experience, that sinners are converted by being *excited*. That's what we have the *anxious seats* and *special prayers* for. It's to call down the Holy Ghost right into their souls, and excite them to inquire.—Master, Jesus Christ—the Almighty God, what shall I do to be saved from endless hell.

You see, then, that sinners won't object to *these things, if the* church will do her duty. *We have no* trouble with sinners. It is th

church that *is in the way*. Old formal professors hinder the work of the Holy Ghost. They prevent the angel from troubling the water. They are afraid of excitement, *excitement*. Common sense would show that we ought to be excited, if we believe our doctrine. It is enough to make one crazy and mad to see immortal souls exposed to eternal hell. Sinners themselves say, that if they believed as I do, they should be as mad and crazy as they think I am. It is time to be excited. One minute *too late*, and the soul may be lost forever. A man wishing to take passage in a steam-boat, at one of the wharves of New-York, is told that she will leave in just fifteen minutes. He goes off to transact some business,—returns, and sees her at a distance, plowing the waves. He is told that he is just *one minute too late!*—Yes, and sinners will find, if they listen to business men, and old formal professors, and are afraid of too much excitement, that they are *one minute too late*. They will sink down to hell, crying aloud; "One minute too late! one minute too late!!" Don't make so much noise there, young men in the gallery; I shall soon be through.

The Holy Ghost is coming down with *mighty power* upon Woodstock. God knows *that I feel it*, [putting his hand violently to *his sides]* pouring, pouring, pouring, in to

ents into my soul * If the church will do her duty, the work will go on here as it did at Springfield, Windsor, Grafton, Chester, and the towns round about. The man who denies that this is the work of the Holy Spirit, and is not an infidel, is inexcusable. It is too bad. I won't spend a minute in reasoning with him. But if he is an infidel, let him say so. We expect they will fight against the work of God Almighty. But let not *christians* strike hands with infidels.—There are different sects, we know, and it is proper there should be. But Episcopalians, Methodists and Baptists can join with Presbyterians or Congregationalists in getting up revivals. They can have prayer meetings, and inquiry meetings in suitable houses, belonging to persons of the several denominations. Keep still there, young lads; don't whisper and play so loud. And now, when you go from this meeting, don't go to talking about the preaching, nor about me. No, go away, and pray to God to send the Holy Ghost—the third person in the adorable Trinity, and get up a powerful revival here.—

*A young convert told me, that he did not reccollect of hearing Mr. B. use the above ridiculous expression, and seemed to think I mistook his language. But I did not. He used *similar words* and gestures, many times, as I *can prove by people of* various denominations. His dea*ness could not see nor hear* his numberless abomination

When you get home, *down, on your knees, in a moment*, and utter not a word, excepting prayer, prayer, prayer. God is waiting to answer prayer in the salvation of immortal souls from hell. Pray, pray then mightily. Wrestle with God Almighty. Agonize and struggle in prayer. Don't be afraid of praying too much. Do your duty, brethren of the several churches, and God will send the wind of the Spirit, gust after gust, gust after gust, and convert hundreds of immortal souls.

REMARKS.

But few remarks will be required in this place. The leading objects of the discourse must be evident to every discerning mind.

(1) The preacher meant to over-awe his hearers and make them assent to his assumption, that the Holy Ghost followed him whither-soever he went. He continued his boasting in regard to the wonders which had attended his labors in the several places he mentioned. Instead of proving any point, by an appeal to "the law and the testimony," he refered to the conversion of *great characters;*—lawyers, physicians, Generals, &c. *By the same* rule, the Catholics might sustain, *with far* greater plausibility all their

pretensions to *apostolic authority*, *infallibility*, the *right of indulgences*, and the like; for they can boast of thousands converted to their doctrine, whose learning, talents and fame, are as far superior to J. Burchard and Co. as the sun of day is more luminous than a midnight taper.

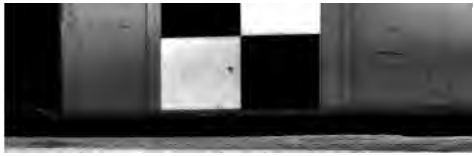
(2.) There is not a shadow of authority for using the text in John v. 1—4, in proof of the divine origin of fanatical excitements. The Shakers, Swedenborgians, Smithites, Mormonites, and all others, making pretensions to supernatural effusions of the Holy Ghost, might make a similar application in favor of their revivals, with equal propriety.

(3.) Mr. Burchard continued his efforts to discipline the church, and get his "foot upon the necks" of its members. To bring them into submission, he accused them of being opposed to measures, because they were new, and of finding fault with the new ways which God Almighty has chosen to convert sinners! To effect this object, he resorted to gross imposition. He pretended that his opposers among the Orthodox, admitted the *genuineness* of his conversions, but opposed him on the ground, that he converted sinners *too fast*. Now, this he must have known to be untrue. The hundreds "of *learned evangelical* ministers" and laymen, *who disapprove his* measures, do it upon th

ground, that most of his *conversions* are *spurious*, and that he is doing, though perhaps, not intentionally, *essential injury* to the cause of religion in general. They dread the re-action which will follow these wild commotions.

(4.) The whole drift of this sermon, goes directly to contradict an inportant point in the proceding one. In that, Mr. B. disclaimed all intensions of making people *happy*, in this life, by conversion. In this, every comparison leads to the opposite conclusion.

The sinner is represented by miserable sufferers in the porches around the pool, Bethesda. By entering the troubled water, they were cured in an instant, and resorted to health and *happiness*. Of course, the sinner, by being converted, would be made spiritually *whole* and *happy*. And so he was understood to mean, by his auditors.—Hence, his *second* sermon was a flat contradiction of the *first*. Nothing can be plainer. And yet, as he made pompous professions of being filled with the Holy Ghost, and as (he says,) "*manner is matter*," his self-contradictions, passed unobserved by the credulous, and he was *revered* as a messenger sent from heaven, to convert souls to God, by denouncing the judgments of eternal death and endless torments in hell. How consistent!



PART THIRD.

Burchard's Discourses on Wednesday—Evening non, in which he slew the Philistine—Reasons his Success—Resolute attempt to interrupt busi- of all descriptions.

. Burchard's exercises on Wednesday, [. were the least exceptionable of any 1 I heard. His text was Ephesians, iii. *"Unto him be glory in the church by st Jesus, throughout all ages, world out end. Amen."* A considerable part ie sermon was written, the style was , and the preacher read it in a very ac- ible manner. So far, there was little of sual rant and dogmatism. It was a n of special mercy to the Bible, the on of the desk, and I may add, to the regation. Rarely did the speaker *smite* objects with his *fist*, as he was wont , or exclaim, "hark! look here,—boys, still there in the gallery;" "boys don't poking that fire so much;" "Mr. Mitch- and stop those boys from putting any wood *in the* stove;"—when, lo! it was *erable deacon* who was "troubling the *urnace."*

Mr. B. preached a thorough-going Calvinistic sermon, in which the leading points of the Genevan Reformer were distinctly and fairly stated, and the *instrumentality of the church*, in carrying the eternal purposes of God into execution, was earnestly argued. This was as it should be. We mean to be candid, and approve every man for maintaining manfully, what he believes or professes to believe, to be the truth. But the preacher, having been so calm and consistent, for him to be, was less satisfied with his performance, we presume, than most of his hearers. Towards the close of his discourse, he became enraged, and "went off in a tangent." Looking into the gallery on the left, he screamed out, "Sinner," seizing the Bible in his left hand, and bringing it up violently against his side, and smiting it without mercy with his right hand fist,—"Sinner, Peter says, Acts third chapter, "your soul is in danger of eternal death! repent ye, and flee from everlasting damnation." And this is a fair specimen of Mr. B's quotations of scripture! What a monstrous, not to say wicked, perversion of the sacred text! Does a speaker ought to be indulged in such palpable mis-statements, without interruption? *These truthless* declarations are calculated to *alarm and deceive* the young, the timid and *uninformed.* There is not a shadow of evi-

dence in the chapter to which the preacher referred, to sustain his assertion. Let the candid reader examine the chapter for himself.

The only passage to which Mr. B. *could* have alluded, is the following, (Acts iii. 19.) "Repent ye, therefore, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." Now reader, compare this, or rather *contrast* it with the arrogant assertions of the wonder-working revivalist· "Sinner, your soul is in danger of eternal death! repent ye and flee from everlasting damnation!" Can the friends of Mr. B. blame me for regarding him as an impostor? What! will they undertake to convince *me*, that God has commissioned "a worm of the dust" to convert souls to the truth, by falsifying the plain declarations of his word? I would be glad to appeal to them personally and affectionately, upon this subject. Let them carefully read the words of St. Peter in their connection, and see if they can find a shadow of excuse for their leader's misquotation. The apostle says, "Repent, *therefore*," which must refer to what preceded. Well, what was it? that the sinner was in danger of eternal death?—By no means. The words are,—"But those things *which* God had before showed by all *his prophets, that* Christ should suffer, h

hath so fulfilled. Repent ye, *therefore*, &
Are any so blind as to misunderstand thi
But it is added, "*and be converted.*" We
what was to be the fruit of their *conversio*
Were they to be saved from "everlasti
damnation," as Mr. B. would have it? N
at all. Their sins were to be blotted o
"Repent ye, therefore, and be converted t
your *sins may be blotted out*, when the tim
of *refreshing* [not *revivals*, as the preac
quotes it] shall come from the presence
the Lord." And what next? Why, it
added, "And he shall send Jesus Chri
which before was preached unto you;* wh
the heavens must receive until the times
RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS, which G
hath spoken by the mouth of all his h
prophets since the world began." Can
conceive how the speaker could have do
greater violence to the words of St. Pet
even had he intended to do his worst? A
yet, strange to tell, we are required to b
lieve, with this glaring evidence of a p
version of scripture, that the very pervert
Jedediah Burchard, was sent of God to Woo
stock, to convert the people! But suppo
he should succeed and make prosclytes
his faith and practice? Would they not,

*Peter preached Jesus Christ,—not "eternal death"
"everlasting damnation."

following his examples, be "two-fold more the children of hell," than they were before? So it would seem, unless they had already became adepts at deception. We hope not to be considered uncharitable in saying, that we cannot believe that *such measures* can change people for the better. If they are proselyted by such a man, and yet speak the truth, as doubtless will be the case with some, it must be owing to unyielding habits, which were acquired before Burchard came among us.

Being otherwise engaged, I did not attend Mr. B's meeting on Wednesday *evening*. I learned, however, that feeling confident he had got the church under his control, he came out in bold style, and gave the people to understand, that he should manage things in his own way, as he had done at other places. He chose for his text, the words of David, (1 Samuel xvii. 47.) *For the battle is the* LORD'S *and he will give you into our hands.*"

He acted out the conquering David, in true *theatrical* flourish. He represented the old formal professors as wishing to impose upon him restrictions and limitations, corresponding with the ponderous armour of Saul upon the stripling of Israel. And having removed one encumbrance after another, "the *helmet of brass,*" and "the coat of mail,"

and thrown away "the sword," "he took staff in his hand, and chose five stones ou the brook;" which, by the way, I supp were the *five points* of Calvinism. Mr then prepared his sling, acted out the in vening incidents, and at length, flourishec hand over his head, hurled the stone and sn the Philistine in the forehead, and brou him to the ground. He is said to have formed this part with the adroitness o actor upon the stage; striking his hands gether and causing a loud report, as the st whirled from the sling, and bringing his hand back upon his own forehead, in a st ling manner. He continued to give sc to his unbridled zeal and ambition, *virtu* put the church at defiance, and annour his determination to manage the whole cern, and bring every thing into subjec to his demi-omnipotent dominion.*

*Some remarks of a local nature are omitted in this tion; but not no account of any incorrectness in the s ment of facts. Having inquired closely into the sub the writer holds himself ready to prove his positions b impeachable testimony. Still, he is willing to gran Messrs MARSH and WILLIAMS may not reccollect o ing precisely what is attributed to them; but if they for evidence of what we asserted, though it did not i least implicate their good moral character, it shall be coming. What the writer himself heard, from M *PIERCE and SWAN*, he *knows* to be true. Nor is th *for Hon. C. MARSH*, as can be proved, told Mr. Bi *a respectable Methodist* of the village, on the very

But the reader will be unable to perceive how such preaching and exercises should be attended with any great success. You will say to yourself, if a stranger to the concern, why, as there were exercises only in the afternoon and evening, the people had time enough for reflection. Not exactly so, my friend.—There was a system of operations, of which we shall speak particularly, in the next section of this report, that beggars all description. It will be seen that meetings of some kind were kept up continually, and every possible exertion was used, to keep the minds of the people on *Burchard* and *Mrs. Burchard*, and on the marvellous things which had been done through their instrumentality. As soon as any considerable number had assembled at the meeting-house, some preacher or deacon, or zealous professor, began to speak, expound, exhort, threaten, give thanks, or pray, as the case might be ; or the choir would chant some dolorous words in *minor key ;*

day, (Monday,) after the Congregational church had voted to invite Mr. Burchard to come here, that the *majority* had yielded to the wishes of the *minority*; but they meant to have a number of clergymen present to keep him in order &c. When Mr. Bilish suggested that that looked like *mechanism*, Mr. Marsh replied, that he feared there was quite too much of it.

What further proof is needed, that policy was the order of the *day? And, having* commenced, how could they *back out, but with disgrace?*

singing to God in the music of wo. Those multifarious exercises were continued, from time to time, till his *Reverence* ascended the desk. Among the clerical co-workers were *Reverends*, Mr. *Morgan* of Corinth, *Washburn* of Royalton, *Burnap* of Chester, *Morton* of Springfield, *Leavitt* of Strafford, *Goodhue* of Shoreham, and others. Some of their exhortations and prayers were interesting and appropriate, whilst others were bungling imitations of the principal declaimer. It was rather amusing to see some of the *flourishing* exhibitions, particularly, of the minister from Shoreham. Had we not believed him in earnest, we should have taken his intended imitations for mimicry; for his gestures better resembled a farmer dressing out flax, than any thing else. However, all these things were of use, in diverting the attention of the people from rational considerations, and giving the mind a keener solicitude for the appearance of the prime mover of the wires. Mr. B. would generally delay coming to the meeting-house, for a long time, that the people might be satiated with the dull performances which were going on, and get wrought into an anxiety, that he might come into the *holy theatre* and act his part.*

* *Considering* the combination among the clergymen *present, to hold* up Burchard before the people, as some *great* "*Simon*;" virtually saying, "this man is the great

Besides, as will be seen in due time, the church was sworn to pray, and keep praying, from the close of one public exercise to the opening of the next; "prayer meetings" were appointed in sundry places; "inquiry and anxious meetings" were instituted, and every professor of religion, of the several sects named by Mr. B., was charged in the most solemn manner, under the awful penalty of taking an *obscure seat* in the far distant *twilight* of heaven, to go from house to house, and bring the non-professing people into the meetings. He demanded of them on the peril of wearing a dull, starless crown in heaven, to take their small children out of school, and put them under Mrs. Burchard's care. Yes, he told the church-members to put every carriage and sleigh into immediate requisition, and ride from early breakfast till

power of God," (Acts, viii. 8, 9,) it is not strange that "the people were bewitched" and deluded. Every thing was so arranged as to keep the eyes of the multitude fixed upon "the sorceror" Ministers of all grades, from father MERRILL and president LORD, to the "gentleman parson," as Burchard said, "who works hard to write one or two sermons in a week, and *read his audience to sleep on Sunday*," stood or bowed before him, with apparent awe, and performed their parts of the drudgery, at his bidding. *This was all agreed upon, to produce effect!* But why were no *Baptist* or *Methodist* preachers invited into the desk? Did Mr. B think "the *kitchen* would answer for them," whither he *ordered* some Methodist professors and others *to a prayer-meeting?*

two o'clock, P. M. in collecting people from all sections of the town, and the towns round about. And as far as possible they carried his high behest into execution. They ransacked the village, the town, and other places, and almost dragged the people, especially the young and the diffident, from their homes and their business, to the scene of mental slaughter. Merchants were required to shut their stores, mechanics their shops, and all laborers to abandon their usual occupations. The good regulations of society and the habits of industry were to be broken up at the nod of a man, who proclaimed himself, at the onset, "a *poor*, *blind*, *miserable sinner*." Had it not been for the firmness and good sense of a few persons, every store in the place would have been shut, as Mr. B. boasted had been done in other places.—Thanks to the men that did not bow to a little Nebuchadnezzar, nor fall down and worship his idol, fanaticism. They are richly entitled to the gratitude and patronage of an enlightened but recently insulted public.

The reader will have discovered by this time, that it is all vanity to talk about "time for consideration," and deliberate choice, among those who were candidates even, for *believing* in the sincerity of Mr. B.'s pretensions. If they had not phrenological and experimental knowledge enough to read him

igh, and understand his hollow-hearted-
on the first observation of him, they
thrown into commotion, by his *manner*
peaking, and the whirl of the surround-
elements. The mind was tremendously
ed, meetings were kept up late, and sleep
away; and as bodily exhaustion and
tude came on, the understanding was
ortionably weakened and deranged, and
me an easier prey to the "miserable"
lf in sheep's clothing." By the faculty
ecretiveness, Mr. B. kept his real *designs*
ealed, till he was ready for the attack.
took the credulous by surprise, and con-
ed, without giving them time for resist-
. Were this but the *fiftieth* time that
ad played the same game with deluded
gregations, we might be induced to hold
peace. But as the case is, we feel it a
mn duty to cry aloud and spare not. To
sure, he is far from being a learned or
ly talented man; but he is a powerful
ker and manager, and by the engine
ch he puts in operation by enlisting the
ral churches in each place, he produces
t commotion. Instead, therefore, of be-
"lulled to sleep, people should be put
n their guard"—be apprised of his man-
res—*by seeing him in a mirror.*

PART FOURTH.

PUBLIC EXERCISES ON THURSDAY.

We come now to another very importa branch of Mr. Burchard's labors. As h been seen, he had slain the Philistine—co quered the church—put its members up the chase, hither and thither, in complete o sequiousness to his sovereign command, that he might safely unfurl his colors, and i one would dare say, "what doest thou Soon after he began his exercise, some ge tlemen came in with *benches*, which they d signed for the aisles, to accommodate pe sons who could not otherwise have seat Mr. B. let them have time to get up near th desk, and then directed them to carry th benches out of the house. Several disti guished individuals, C. Marsh Esqr. amon the rest, told Mr. H. B. Dana and those a sisting him, to place them in the side aisle "No," said Mr. B., "take those benches o of the house, Mr. Dana; carry them rig *out; for* I shall have occasion to use th *aisles. Take* them away, Sir." And M *D.—who,* forsooth, is a very pleasant man. *miled, blushed* and obeyed their "comm

master." We shall do injustice not to add that the clergymen who were present, *buckled down* and *laughed in their own bosoms*, to witness this exhibition of pontifical authority. They were satisfied, by this time, that the battle was fought, the victory won, and all the people in the hand, and subject to the control, of the conqueror.

AFTERNOON SERMON.

Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore to me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me *with thy* free Spirit. Psalms li, 11, 12.

The first leading point was, that christians are sometimes cold, lifeless, dead, and do not enjoy the spirit of their religion—the joy of their salvation. He dwelt largely and zealously on the substantial *joy* and happiness which every active christian must necessarily experience, and declared emphatically, (holding up and waving about the holy book in the face of the congregation,) that christians were the only people who could be said to be truly happy and joyful.

We could not avoid reminding a friend at *our left, of another* denomination, of the con*trast between* this, and the statements in N

B.'s first discourse, viz. that religion does not admit of happiness in this life.* We were satisfied, that if the members of the several churches in this town, and others of equal talents who had not made a profession of religion, could swallow and digest such contradictions, they were not a whit behind those mentioned by our Saviour, in Matt. xxiii, 24.

It reminded us of a serious anecdote which was related in a discourse by Elder JOHN RAND, something less than twenty years ago, in Springfield in this state.† Mr. Rand was speaking of the credulity of church-members, and the influence of the clergy over them. He said they would receive the most palpable contradictions, and believe even, that *black* is *white* or *white* is *black*, if the priests told them it was so. In support of this statement, Mr. R. told the following anecdote.

"As two *Standing-Order* clergymen were riding together one morning, one of them complained to the other, that it was a thankless task to be a minister, in these days. He thought they were getting to be of the *falling* order. Aye, said his friend, and what is the matter? Why, he replied, *the people* begin to *open their eyes*, and see for themselves; so that if I happen to *contradict* myself, they *at once* discover it; and hence I am losing

* *See page 26.*

† *Elders Jasper Hazen and Uriah Smith were present.*

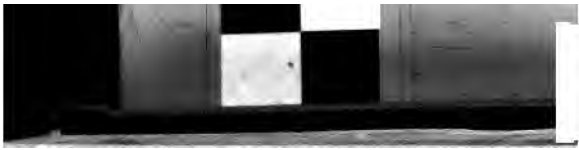
all my influence. O, you don't work the card right, said the other; you fail in the *manner* of doing the thing up. There, brother, there comes one of my deacons, the soundest man in my church; and if you will hold still and *look serious*, I will make him say that the *crow* on that tree yonder, is *white* or *nearly* white. As they met, the Parson with his wig on, said,—Good morning, deacon Sharp.—Good morning, *Reverend Sir*, said the good deacon, with hat off. Well, deacon, did you ever see a *white* crow? Why, no Sir, all crows are *black*, are they not, Parson? By no means,—just look on that limb, and you will see a *crow* as *white* as a snowball. The deacon looked, and looked, a long while, and replied in a *reverential* tone, Why, really, Rev. Sir, it does not appear to me to be *exactly white*. Dear man! exclaimed the Parson,—what is the matter with your eyes this morning? Look again, deacon Sharp! Is *that crow black?* The deacon took another close peep at the crow, and yielded the point, saying, "Well, *I believe it is gray.*"

But Mr. Burchard's hearers showed greater credulity, than to believe *black* was *gray*; they went the whole figure, and called it perfectly *white*. I had like to have forgotten to mention, that after the two priests passed *the good deacon*, they had a real spree o' *laughter, and* agreed that every thing depe

ded on the *manner* of saying things. And who knows but that the Reverend parsons who witnessed Mr. B's achievments, in this place, and others, enjoyed themselves in equal merriment, in private, on seeing him demonstrate that "*manner* is *matter*.*

The next branch of the sermon, related to the *restoring* of the church to her former joy. He said she was in the situation of the church of the Laodiceans, described in Revelations, iii, 15, 16,—neither dead nor alive, "cold nor hot." "They are like warm water taken into the stomach to make people sick; —nauseous, and disagreeable, in the extreme. [Here the speaker shuddered, and conformed his looks to his sickening comparison.]— Strange language as it may be for God Almighty to use, said he, yet God said to the Laodiceans, "as you are neirher cold nor hot;" but luke warm, that is, like warm water in my stomach, "I will SPUE thee out of my mouth." What an awful description this of a *christian* church! But this is exactly your condition. The church of Christ in WOODSTOCK, is luke warm—neither cold, nor hot—nauseous and offensive to God Al-

*Those over serious people who may be disposed to *sigh at our levity* in repeating one anecdote, are gently reminded of "*the thousand* and one," which Mr. B. introduced *into his public* performances, which were so gravely delivered, as to cause them to laugh, heartily.



mighty ; and if you don't repent and *vent* the *spite* of your love upon God,—for so a distinguished writer, *Saurin,* I believe, says it ought to read, he will cast you off as offensive and disgusting to him ; "*he will spue this church out of his mouth.*"

Reader, it is a sacred truth that there was much more of the same kind, addressed directly to the Congregational church, in this place ! Comment is unnecessary.

Then came the preacher to the part of his text which says, "then will I teach transgressors thy ways." The following paragraph embraces the substance of what he said, and much in the same language.

"I have come to teach transgressors, who deserve to go to hell, the way of salvation. Hark ! look here,—you sinner, there in the gallery,—you ought to be damned, and you know it. [A whistling noise.] Keep still ; don't make any disturbance. What a disgrace it would be in a place so enlightened as this, to witness any ungentlemanly conduct.—I preach salvation from hell according to the eternal purpose and decree of Almighty God. I tell you sinners of Woodstock that, unless you are saved from eternal hell according to God's eternal counsel and purpose, *as* declared right here, in the 3rd *chapter of* Ephesians, you will be damne

eternally. Some preachers are afraid to preach the plan of salvation, as the scriptures declare it. They darsn't say to transgressors, you *will go to hell and be damned eternally*, unless God has *elected* you to eternal life, and *decreed* your salvation according to his unalterable purpose. They are afraid of offending some of the church that can't bear this doctrine, or some of the congregation that don't like such *harsh* preaching. So they *fritter*, and *fritter*, and *fritter* away the doctrine of election, and decrees and endless damnation, till it is good for just nothing at all. They are afraid to say, sinner, you will go to hell and be damned forever, unless God Almighty elected you to eternal life, before the world was made, the planets moved, or the sun shone in the firmament. They want to please every body,—so they speak smooth things, and spend a whole week in writing one or two discourses, which they deliver on the sabbath in such a genteel way, that no body is offended. The hearers say, what a *mild preacher* we have got here; how pleasantly he speaks. He don't preach about decrees, and purposes, and eternal damnation. He is a fine man; *come let us go over to the tavern and take something to drink. Ha!* that's the way then, is it, to *teach transgressors*?—The way to lead them

to hell!! Never was a sinner truly converted to God, by such miserable stuff.* I have no allusion to the preaching here, nor to any person now present. But I tell you that I an't afraid to preach *Calvinism*. Thank God, I *am a Calvinist*, and an't ashamed to own it. God Almighty knows that if the doctrine of *election* isn't true, I shall be damned as sure as there is an eternal hell for sinners! All my *hope* is in this glorious doctrine, connected with *effectual calling*, and the *final salvation* of *all* God's *elect*. I was as abominable a rebel against the law of God, till I was *four* and *twenty* years old, as ever trod the earth—rushing headlong to eternal perdition! What could have saved *me* then, short of the *election*, *purpose* and *decree* of God? Look here, you hell-deserving sinner! what can save *you*, if the doctrine of *election* isn't true, as declared right here, Sir, in the *ninth* chapter of Romans, "God will have mercy on whom he will have mercy," that is, on all his elect people, and the rest he will send to hell. If I didn't believe this, I would shut this Bible, and go right down out of this

*In this sermon, as well as the one of the day preceding, Mr. B. *lashed* the clergy for their idleness, foppery, affectation and uselessness, most severely. He mimiced their dull, stiff, starched-up manner of delivery, in laughable style. *He gave* directions in regard to *study*, *visiting*, *praying*, *exercise*, recreation and rest, "with all authority

desk. [Smiting the cushion, most furiously.] But I do believe it—I glory in it—and if I had it in my power, I would write it on every object in creation, and *hang it up on a fixed star*. Though I am but a feeble piece of clay, yet I am called of God, and wedged in under the altar, that I may cry to Almighty God to save his *elect*, by causing the light of his eternal purposes to shine upon them and start them up, that they may be saved from hell."*

A few remarks upon Mr. B.'s Calvinism seem to be indispensable in this place. As we must be very brief, the undivided attention of the reader is solicited.

(1.) That the preacher was in earnest, when he proclaimed himself a Calvinist, i. e., a believer in the doctrines of JOHN CALVIN, no candid person can dispute, who heard him on the 11th and 12th of February. And it is seen above, that in the afternoon of the 11th, he declared his entire assent to the *Calvinistic* doctrine of *decrees*, *election*, and the *effectual calling* of the elect.

(2.) It follows of course, both from Mr.

*Mr. Burchard then told what great things he had done at the West, *Lockport*, *Buffalo*, *Rochester*, and many other places, as well as in this state and New Hampshire, which need not be reported. I have been the more particular in the part of the discourse relating to Calvinism, because of its immense importance.

Burchard's argument and from the nature of the case, that he holds that ***all the elect*** of God ***will certainly be saved.*** This is just as certain as it is that God will not fail of accomplishing his own "eternal purpose," or of causing it to be accomplished. Just as ***certain*** as that an event will take place in accordance with the "unalterable decrees of the Almighty." This is consistent with itself. It would be the height of ***impiety*** to argue that God's counsel would ***not*** stand, and that he would be frustrated in his eternal purposes, and ***not*** do all his pleasure. It is perfectly reasonable to suppose that, ***if*** the all-wise Creator ***elected*** or ***chose*** (for the meaning of the two words is the same) a ***certain number*** of the human race to eternal life, before the earth existed, the planets moved, or the sun shone, ***he will infallibly save that number***, be it more or less. And we will be perfectly fair, in this case, and not jump at conclusions, as some do, and say that they will be saved whether the means which were appointed to effect their salvation are used or not. No; we mean just as Mr. B. does, and every other consistent Calvinist, viz. that God appointed and ***decreed*** the ***means*** by which that ***certain number of individuals were to be converted and saved.*** But these means were a part of God's original plan, ***and were as*** certain to be used as the Deity

was certain, of accomplishing his own purpose, in the salvation of the elect. Nay, we will go further, and not accuse the preacher of implying that the *saved* are *mere machines* but allow that they possess all the agency for which he would contend; only, keeping up the chain of consistency, by maintaining that it *was decreed* of *God*, that the *agency* of the *elect* should *infallibly* be so influenced by the *effectual calling* of God, that they would *infallibly be saved.* Can any friend of Mr. B. say that, the writer is not fair and even generous in these remarks?

(3.) It follows of consequence, that no *more* nor *less*, than that "certain number of individuals whom God elected to eternal life, can be saved." No sensible man will deny this. It would be the height of absurdity according to the above system, to contend that those persons might be saved, whom God did not elect or choose for heirs of salvation. The divine decrees must necessarily, as Mr Burchard and all Calvinists maintain, "extend to all his purposes and all the events of his providence." Therefore, if there is a part of mankind, whom the Almighty did *not elect* or choose for salvation, he did *not purpose* to save them; and if he did not purpose to save them, he did not *decree* to save them; *and as he decreed* whatever actually proves *to be their* destiny, it follows of necessary

consequence, that he actually decreed the endless misery of all those who are endlessly miserable. These inferences are so evident, that no well-informed Calvinist will attempt to controvert them by fair arguments. He might as well admit that *three* and *seven* make *ten*, and yet deny that *seven* and *three* amount to the same number.

But to bring the subject to the comprehension of children,—almost of infants,—let us suppose that, when the Creator designed the existence of JEDEDIAH BURCHARD, he elected him to eternal life, and decreed the means by which his election should be made infallibly sure. Has there ever been a time, since he was elected, that it was possible for him not to be finally saved? Certainly not; unless it has been possible for God's purpose to fail, and an event not take place, which he decreed should take place: and to say that, would be both foolish and blasphemous.

Well, let us suppose, on the other hand, that when the Deity designed to give existence to JASPER HAZEN of this place, (whom Mr. Burchard politely doomed to endless misery, for not believing in the Trinity,) he did not elect him to eternal life, but ordained him to everlasting wrath and suffering. He did *not* mean to give Elder Hazen an effectual *calling*, nor appoint any means by which he *should* infallibly be saved; but on the co

, the Creator decreed all the events b
:h he should infallibly be miserable to a
nity. Now, will any person of half con
n sense and of common honesty, preten
.t it was ever possible for the *non-ele*
sper Hazen to be saved from that doo
which he was predestined of God? Sur
not, unless he would contend that the *d*
rees of the Almighty, rendering the *even*
nfallibly certain by which Elder Hazen w
to be eternally damned, could be *nullifie*
and the eternal purpose of God prove abor
ive: and this would be nonsense; and nu
lification *without* a vengeance.

Now then, what is true of the two indivi
uals above named, is equally true of all ot
individuals of the human race. Hence,
Burchard taught that God *decreed* the sa
tion of that certain number of individ
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by the means appointed; but that all th
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(4.) It is equally certain that t
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since they were elected to eternal li
election of God made their salvation
ably certain. We do not pretend
what their exposure might have b

they were elected of God and ordained to eternal life! But, of one thing we are certain as we are that Mr. B. taught that God elected a certain number of mankind to eternal life; viz. that *that elect number* has not been in any real danger of going to eternal hell, since the moment of their election.—When that moment was, he did not see fit to inform us; but it was anterior to the creation of the earth; for Mr. B. said that the election took place *before* the earth existed, the planets moved, or the sun shone in the firmament. Of course, the elect have been perfectly *safe*, whatever may have been their *fears*, ever since that time.

(5.) The last inference is, that those preachers, who understand and proclaim the above doctrine of election, and yet excite the *fears* of the *elect*, and make them believe they are in danger of going to eternal hell, are deceivers. They bring upon those people a strong delusion, in order that they may be *saved*, instead of damned. They go upon the principle that the *end* justifies the *means*, it would seem. There can be no mistake in our inference. If Mr. B.'s doctrine of election is true, then, every person whom he was the means of converting in this place, granting that the conversion was genuine, was *deceived in* regard to a most important point. *Each one* was made to believe that he w

then exposed to eternal hell. But if those converts were included in the number of the *elect*, they certainly believed a lie; because there never has been a moment since they were elected to eternal life, that they were in any more danger of being miserable forever, than they are now, or will be at any future time.*

It should not be forgotten, that Mr. B. frequently referred to the 3d chapter of Ephesians, to prove that God had *elected* a certain number of the human family to eternal life, and purposed to save them from hell. Now, reader, just turn to that chapter and read, and be astonished! Not a word is said about "hell, or election," either in that chapter or in the Epistle to the Ephesians. And the passage which mentions the divine purpose,

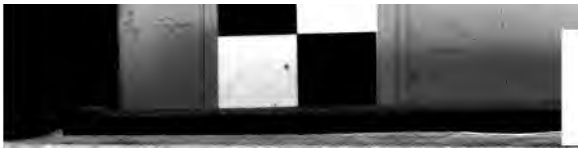
*Let us suppose that Gen. MOWER, Dr. PALMER, and Maj. SWAN, of this village, had been *elected*, according to the above system, just *one week* before Burchard came to Woodstock. Would it not follow, then, to a demonstration, that neither of those worthy citizens were in danger of being damned forever, posterior to the time of their election to eternal life? Certainly. And what difference could it make, whether *their salvation was made certain*, a week, a month, a year, a thousand years, (or from eternity,) before the "Simon Pure" of fanaticism came to this place? Just none at all; and every man of common sense knows it. *They* may have been *sincerely deceived*; *but the preacher could not have been sincere*, in pretending *to save them from* the eternal hell, to which, according *to his own creed* and assertions, they were not, in reality, *exposed.*

ads thus—"According to the eternal pur-
ose which HE hath purposed in Christ Jesus
ur Lord: in whom we have boldnes and
ccess with confidence by faith in him."—
Eph. iii, 11, 12.) And then the apostle
entions "the whole family in heaven and
rth," instead of an *elect part*. To under-
and the import of God's "eternal purpose,"
e must consult the same author, in passages
here he is more explicit. Turn then to E-
hesians i, 9, 12, and you will find the sub-
ct defined and illustrated, in these words—
Having made known to us the mystery of
is will, according to his *good pleasure*, which
e hath *purposed* in himself: that in the dis-
ensation of the fulness of times, he might
ather together in one, *all things* in Christ,
oth which are in heaven, and which are on
rth, even in him: in whom also we have
btained an inheritance, being *predestined*
ccording to the purpose of him who *work-
th all things* after the *counsel of his own
ill;* that we should be to the praise of his
lory who first trusted in Christ." What, in
he name of common sense, has this to do
ith Mr. B.'s declamation about being *elect-
d* and saved from eternal hell, according to
he purpose of God? Why, just as much
s it has with the Catholic "purgatory;"
nd "*the* seven hells" of Mahomet, and n
ore. *This* text, in connection with the

referred to in the 3d chapter of Ephesians, is just as good evidence that the Almighty purposed and decreed that *John Calvin* should work eternally in hell at *black-smithing*, because *Swedenborg* said he saw him there, in that employ, as it is that God has elected a part of mankind to eternal life, and left the rest to be eternally damned; and for this good reason, because it says not a syllable about either. It is surprising that men of talents could be edified with such gibberish.*

The last part of Mr. B's discourse, was designed to prove, or rather *assert*, that the *conversion* of sinners depended on the exertions of the church. He said, the church in Woodstock was responsible for the conversion of the sinners in this place. That the eternal God—the babe Almighty—Jesus Christ, had declared, that unless the old professors of religion would rise, and do

*It may be said, perhaps, that the preacher depended mostly on the scripture doctrine of "*decrees*," in support of his views. Well, the only passage in the whole Bible, which speaks of God's *decree*, in reference to human beings, is Psalms ii, 7, 8; "I will declare the *decree:* the LORD hath said to me, Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." I should think this ought to be *one of Mr. B.'s* proof-texts for the "Trinity;" for it as *clearly proves that* the LORD was the author of his own *existence, on a* certain day, as it does that he will make *ny of the human* race finally miserable!



their duty, these precious, immortal souls would all go down to endless damnation.—We do not say he was angry; but we do affirm, under all possible solemnities, that his looks, his gestures, his violent action, his dogmatizing language, indicated the heat of indignation. He held up the Bible at arm's length, shook it terrifically over their heads, smote it repeatedly with his clinched hand, and threatened them with a degraded seat in heaven, if they did not rise in their strength and assist him in the conversion of sinners. The writer will not report all his horrific expressions, his tantalizing language, towards the church; they would appear incredible. Let a moderate specimen suffice. Thus; "profess to be christians, do ye? Ha! christians! and what have you done for the salvation of immortal souls? Just nothing at all. And now I have come and am willing to preach and pray myself almost to death and do ten times as much as I ask any of you to do, and yet you won't move a hand towards the work. Ha! you want *me* to do it all, don't ye? Well, I tell you I *won't.* I'm willing to do all I can; but I won't kill myself to save souls, if you, old grey-headed professors, won't take hold and do what you can. You say we are old and feeble, or we have business to attend to, and we can't do *much, if we try.* Well, do what you can.

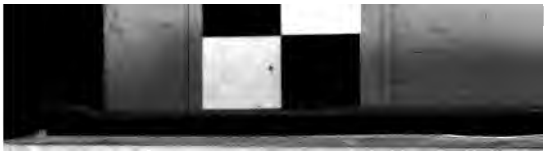
lift as much as you can. That's all I ask. Look here; I have a building to raise, and I get fifty men to help me. But thirty of them don't lift but half as much as they are able to, and let the whole weight of the timber come upon the other twenty, and they are almost crushed to death by it. I tell you, old professors, that I won't stand and bear the whole load, and be crushed to death.—Lift as much as you can, I say. Lay hold, and if you can't lift but twenty pounds, very well; and if you can lift fifty, do it, and if you can lift a hundred, then lift a hundred. But don't think I will kill myself, lifting every pound I am able to, while you who can lift a hundred, lift only fifty. God knows I won't do it. I tell you, I will *do more than ten times* as much as any of you, but I won't work alone. The Holy Ghost is here; God Almighty knows that I feel it gushing into my own soul; and I wan't to save [illegible] those precious, immortal souls from eternal hell.—My very soul yearns for them. They are standing on the very brink of perdition! Oh, that I could *wake up this sleepy church*, and get these lazy christians to work as they ought to. Young men and women, I want to save your souls from hell; but the church *is* in the way; she won't let me go on with *the work*. She will neither work, nor get *out of the* way that others may. What is

the matter with this church? You will say, —Why *we* are converted; and *we* shall go to heaven, and others must take care of themselves. Yes, you are converted and probably will get to heaven. But how will you look in heaven? Why, you will enter, and instead of putting upon your heads, crowns studded with souls as so many sparkling stars, Gabriel will say to you, "*pass on, pass on,* you old professors of Woodstock; that wouldn't convert souls to God, and take your seats, *away yonder,* in the distance of the dim-twilight. You are to cold to stop here, among these burning christians and glorified martyrs, whose souls were fired with the love of souls that now glitter in their crowns."*

*Mr. B. went on in a strain like the above, for a long time, repeating the same severe reproofs upon cold and inactive professors, declaring that if they did not come into the work, immediately, he would leave them, and so would the Holy Spirit which was then hovering over them and waiting for a chance to save sinners. He again named the several towns in which he had recently labored, and referred, in no measured terms of flattery, to the "young converts which were present from Springfield, and Charlestown," and some others; and to his Br. Bradford, [I think that's the name] from Grafton, and Burnap from Chester; adding, that he had received a line from his Br. Morton of Springfield, stating that the work was still going on in that place. All these things were ingenously interwoven with the discourse, and well calculated, considering that "*manner* is *matter*," to induce the church to *acquiesce in his measures.* Finally, the influential me *dare not do otherwise,* whether displeased or not.

After the sermon, Mr. B. proceeded in the most curious manner imaginable, to induce church members of all persuasions, to come forward and humble themselves publicly before God,—or rather as I understood it, before himself. He told them of the marvelous conversions which had followed such exhibitions in New York and eleswhere, when four or five hundred of different sects had come into the aisles, and got upon *their knees*, (though he did not regard that as indispensably necessary)—and made confession of their sins, and received forgiveness. This part of the work was done up in a mild and fascinating style. It was like smiling sunshine following a storm of thunder. Had any one happened to come into the meeting, at this time, he would hardly have credited the reports of Mr. B's ranting on other occasions, howsoever suspicious he might have been of the sincerity of his pretensions.

The preacher then read a form of CONFESSION which he had prepared. He read it for their consideration, he said, and after some other exercises, he should repeat it. I was so thunderstruck at the insulting nature of the instrument, and so fully convinced that no sensible people, making any pretensions to the Christian religion, would acknowledge *themselves guilty* of such baseness, iniquity, *duplicity and hppocrisy*, that I did not trea-



sure up the precise language in my mind. Being somewhat acquainted with several members of the church, whom I regarded as honest, good-hearted people, I could not believe that they would confess themselves guilty of almost all crimes, except "murder and treason."

Well, Mr. B. read from the prophets, Malachi, chapter iii; Nehemiah, ix; Daniel, ix; and remarked most ingeniously upon the sayings and *confessions* therein recorded. And I must *confess*, too, for I could not but *smile in his face*, when he looked at me, to see the adroitness with which he did the thing up. But, I was not alone; for Br. Southgate, leaning over the desk, *smiled harder* than I did; and, if my "*specs* are not too *young* for me," "Mr. *Burchard once smiled* very perceptibly, as he gave me a glance. However, it was, on the whole, rather a serious matter. If I sinned, I hope this *public confession* will entitle me to forgiveness, without a clerical confessor.

The members of the several churches, of the denominations under the auspices of the protestant confessor, were *sweetly invited* to come into the broad aisle. At first, the work went on rather slow; but Mr. B's converts from abroad, who were disciplined to the *manœuvre, setting* the example, the audience *was soon in commotion*, and the old men

and women, young men and maidens, were seen pressing for the straight and narrow walk; Mr. B. the meanwhile, in a soft and persuasive voice, crying out, "That's right, —come along brothers and sisters of all persuasions;—Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, and all. That's the way to get the blessing, just as the churches have in other places. God will forgive you, if you confess your sins, and help you convert souls. Accessions will be made to all your churches. Make room there father, and let that *daughter* come out. Come, come, come right along. Very well; if any of you can't get into the aisle, stand up in the pews; that will answer.

Now, as the people of God bowed themselves before God, when they confessed their sins, hold down your heads, and I will again read this form of confession." Then Mr. B. read over the same humiliating and shameful confession, the second time, and made the whole group assent to it, by *bowing* before him. And all I need add is, that if I believed that the several professors of religion, males and females, who assented to that contemptible instrument, were a *tenth* part as corrupt, hypocritical, formal, prayerless, *proud,* dishonest and wicked as they confessed they were, I would not reside in the *place another* month, if I could command

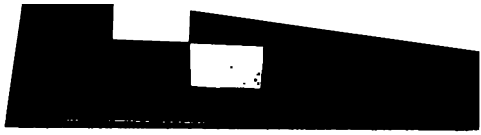
the means of removing. Were I to intimate that I considered the churches here, made up of such a hollow-hearted, insincere, dissembling set of members, I should expect to be prosecuted for defamation. I am heartily glad that I can say sincerely, that whatever may be true of individuals, I do *not* believe the members in general, are so destitute of moral and christian principle, as Mr. B. pretended they were. Nor is it at all certain, that the confession will conduce to a reformation, even if they are something near as base as was confessed; for, as they were made to say, that they, "*had frequently confessed their sins without forsaking them*," I am suspicious the same will be true in future. When people get accustomed to falsehood and dissimulation, I am not inclined to repose much confidence in them.

Well, three prayers followed the Confession, viz. by Messrs. Burnap, Southgate [one of the confessing, sinful saints] and the *would be* Pope. Then all their flagrant and secret sins were forgiven, of course! What a convenient method of squaring up long accounts! What *pious knave* would not be willing to huddle in with a crowd, and bow assent to a confession read by another, and do *penance* by standing up half an hour, to hear prayers, if that *would cheat justice* out of its dues! *Or what man* or woman, who rolls sin as

sweet morsel *on* the tongue, or *off* of it, will not go and do likewise and sin again, if full pardon can be purchased at that rate?—That is an *improvement* upon the Catholic religion; "absolution of all past offences," is obtained on cheaper terms.

The next movement was, to explain that part of the process which related to offering *requests* for prayers,—asking people to rise who were willing to be prayed for,—setting apart certain pews for *anxious seats*, and having frequent *fasts*. Mr. Burchard seemed to be fair; he cared nothing about "*old* measures or *new* measures." All he wanted was to convert souls. If any body could tell him of any method which was better than the one he pursued, he would be very thankful, and adopt it. True, he had been very successful in saving souls from hell;—naming over again, for the twentieth time perhaps, the hundreds which had been converted in the several towns which we have so often mentioned. He did not always pursue one set of measures but varied them as circumstances required, and he would be glad to *change his course* if any thing *better* could be adopted. He knew of none, however. He said that *when* called upon to take the *anxious seat*, *somebody* must make a beginning. "I *collect of* being at a certain place," said

"and when I invited the anxious to come forward, I observed a large number of persons, who appeared to be willing to take the seats, but kept looking at a certain gentleman, as though they wanted him to take the lead. The man observed it, and although he felt no moving of the Holy Ghost himself, yet he thought it could do him no hurt to take the anxious seats; and knowing he was hindering others, he rose and went forward; and instantly, one after another followed him, and the seats were soon filled. I found, said Mr. B., that the man was a *Captain*, and a very influential man, and he got religion on the spot with many others. Now, if he had held back, perhaps not a person would have taken the seats, and before they had had another chance of being saved, their souls might have been in eternal hell! How important it is, therefore, that our *first men* should take the lead. They can influenc a great many others. This is just as it should be; for God works through the instrumentality of means. He makes use of *professional* and *influential* men, as means of converting others. And they must not wait till they *feel anxious*, before they take the anxious seats, but come right forward, and very probable the moment *they* seat themselves, God Almighty *will send* the holy spirit right in



heir hearts. So it was with the *Captain* that I mentioned, and I could name a hundred more cases just like it, if I had time."

The services of THURSDAY EVENING, (12th Feb.) will barely be noticed.*

His sermon was founded on Acts xxvi, 23. "*Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian.*" A few things in the discourse ought to be mentioned.

(1.) Mr. B. paraphrased the chapter, by representing "Saul of Tarsus," (as he almost uniformly called St. Paul,) as "warning A grippa of his exposure to eternal hell." H mentioned the word "Hell," about *fort* times, in his introduction, and twice that nun ber in the rest of his discourse. N. B. S Paul did not use the word "hell," in all l writings. *No, not once.* Remember th candid reader.

(2.) The preacher asserted that there a chance for every sinner to be saved. if the sinner passed a certain *line*—the

*The preacher read and remarked on a part of Mr and when speaking of persecution, observed, that what he had heard before he came here, he had in a pleasing hope of having his head adorned with t *dem* of a martyr, but he was afraid he should no highly honored! A fair challenge this, to the s *friends of* mobocracy. But, as it happened, the *none in the* place. The preacher, having no s *fired into the air.*

bicon, as he should call it, or the line of *demarkation*, his case was hopeless. Any time before he got to that *line*, he might be saved; but cross that line, and he was certain to be damned. God Almighty himself could not save him.

And this, mark you, was said in the *evening* of the very day, in which Mr. B. had preached the doctrine of election! What a monstrous inconsistency! What, could a non-elect sinner, whom God had purposed to damn eternally, be saved? Nonsense.

(3.) Mr. B. declared in stormy eloquence, that Jesus Christ had said, in Mark xvi, "He that believeth not, shall go to hell and be damned *eternally!*" which I declare, in the spirit of meekness, was *palpably untrue*.—Let every one read the text, and see if it says any thing about "eternal hell." The apostles themselves were *upbraided* in the 14th verse, for *both* "unbelief and hardness of heart, because they *believed not*," &c. They were *then*, UNBELIEVERS. Were they damned eternally? All men are under condemnation while unbelievers, but not after they believe and obey. "For God hath concluded them *all* in *unbelief*, that he might have MERCY *upon* ALL."—(Rom. xi, 32.)

(4.) The preacher asserted that "God Almighty said to the sinner, in the 1st chapter *of Proverbs, when* you are in HELL, I wi

laugh at your calamity, and mock, when your fear cometh." We pronounce his assertion untrue. The word "hell," is not used in that chapter, nor is it said that *God* will *laugh* and *mock!* What an adorable Object of worship! and how worthy of imitation! That *laughing* and *mocking* divinity, of whom Mr. B. spoke, was a *female*, it appears; for it is said, "*She* uttereth her voice in the streets—*she* crieth, &c.—*I* will laugh at your calamity." Do the Burchardites worship an *almighty female*, as well as an *almighty baby?* Or do they believe that the God of the universe will "laugh and mock," eternally, at the sufferings of his offspring? How long before they will learn to read the scriptures, understandingly?

(5.) Mr. B. pointed to a young person before him, and said, ☞"young man, I know you will go to hell, if you don't get converted at this meeting. Some pass the Rubicon—the line of demarkation, at *twenty*, some *twenty-five*, some *thirty*," and so on.—"But God Almighty can't scale the barrier of unbelief. When Jesus Christ was in his own country, he couldn't do many mighty works. What's the matter? A'nt you God Almighty? Yes. Well, what's the matter then, that you can'nt save sinners from hell? Why, they won't believe; and I can't scale *that wall.* There, don't you see? I have

ved, young man, that your soul will be
ternal hell, if you don't get religion at
s meeting. [The young man *smiled.*]—
a may laugh, now, Sir; but you won't
gh in hell! Hark! God Almighty will
gh and mock at your eternal calamity."
God *laughs* and *mocks*, may not a young
n *smile*?)

He then fancifully described Saul of Tar-
and Agrippa in the future world, di-
ging yet farther and farther from each
er,—the former reaching the throne of
archangel, and the latter sinking yet
per and deeper in hell. It was all *ima-
ation*, going to prove that "every *imagi-
ion* of the thoughts of his heart, was only
l continually." He constantly *imagined*
l things. (Gen. vi, 5.)*

On FRIDAY, P. M., the preacher com-
nced by reading from the 8th chapter of
. John's Gospel, and soon became raving
favor of the TRINITY. He said, "If Jesus

*Having thought upon Mr. B.'s misquotation of scrip-
, I felt it my duty to write him a note, on Friday, the
h of February, in which I mentioned several examples
the kind, and frankly notified him, that if he persisted
hat course, I should feel it my duty to expose him pub-
y. It did some good; for when I was present, after-
rd, he would qualify his assertions, by saying, "I don't
a the exact words, but so I understand the passage to
an, or so I paraphrase it." But when I was not in meet
, I *was told*, he indulged in gross misrepresentations, '
most abusive language.

Christ was not the very God Almighty of whom he was speaking to the Jews, they were exactly right in accusing him of being a devil, as in verse 48; for he was either the eternal God or the eternal devil. Jesus says, he thought it not robbery to be equal with God; and if he wan't equal with him, he was the most audacious and heaven-daring robber that ever was on earth." After a wild excursion, in which he had connected his own name, with those of *Latimer*, *Cranmer*, *Fenelon*, *Massilon*, and others, Mr. B. stretched his arms as far as possible toward heaven, and exclaimed upon his highest pitch of voice;—"Yes, if Jesus Christ was not God Almighty himself, he was the most abominable and blasphemous *robber*, that God Almighty ever suffered to *curse* the earth" !!! Such was his *proof* of the doctrine of the adorable Trinity. Remarks are unnecessary.

The sermon was from Psalms, viii, 2,—"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength." It was a "cunningly devised fable," and ought to be mentioned, that people may not be duped by it, in other places. By turning to Matt. xxi, 14—16, the reader will see, that "the *wonderful* things" which Jesus did, causing *the children to* cry out in the temple, "Ho*sanna to the* son of David," and on whi

occasion the above language of the Psalmist was quoted, consisted in "healing the blind and the lame," which children could see and understand as well as their parents. It was nothing which had been done for the children themselves; but wonders which were wrought on others, probably their parents and friends, which caused them to utter their joyful hosannas. Had the "Son of David" performed "lying wonders," and made *elect* parents afraid of going to the hell to which they were not exposed, children would have *cried* undoubtedly,—for they did here—but they would have wrung their hands and screamed, "*Oh dear! oh dear me! Son of David, do save me from endless hell.*" Such is the difference betwen the works of the "Son of David," and those of the *son of deception!*

But by an artful perversion of the text, the preacher made it appear evident to many, that his method of converting little children, by putting them under Mrs. Burchard's care, was scriptural; and that they ought to be admitted into *full*, instead of *half* communion in the churches.* He told

*B. said that, setting aside *converted children* to see if they would *live* like christians, and keeping people *three* or *six* months on trial, before receiving them into the church was as foolish, as for mothers, who had healthful babes, *to lay them on the shelf*, a month or two, to see *whether they* would live; instead of nursing them with *care and tenderness*!

them a very *credible* story about the conversion of his only child, a lovely daughter, who was *savingly* converted at the age of *five* years, and prayed and exhorted understandingly till she *died*, and went right to heaven, to shout, *hallelujah*, hosanna to the Son of David, which was about one year after she got religion! It appears, then, that the lovely child would have gone to hell if she had not been converted!!

This was a grand manœuvre; for it set all the dear credulous mothers on fire, to get their children under Mrs. Burchard's sanctifying care. They were alarmed at this intimation that *infants* were liable to be damned forever!

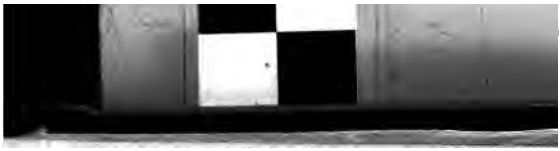
Mr. B. said he depended on children to assist in the conversion of the world, more than *eight hundred millions* of souls. Nothing of consequence could be expected of old, gray headed converts, with one foot in the grave. "There," said he, "I had rather have one convert from those lads in the gallery—don't laugh boys, nor whisper so much,—I can hear very quick—if you whisper at all, don't whisper so loud that I can hear you,—I had rather have one of those lads, I say, than a thousand old, gray-headed sinners, that won't do any thing after *they are converted*, but just go to meeting, *partake of the* communion, and pray a little, *perhaps.*

"I converted one old sinner at Perkinsville or Weathersfield, I think—but no matter—where I got some gleanings among the people that have been under the care of old father CONVERSE, for thirty or forty years. The old rebel was *sixty*, *seventy*, *eighty*, and I don't know but *ninety* years old,—no matter about that—and after a long struggle, they said he was converted; but I didn't believe he was myself. But what if he was? The people it is true, thought a great deal of it. But I asked them what they made such a fuss about him for? What good can that old man do, with but one foot upon the earth? Why, said they, he will be saved from hell, and count one among the redeemed. Yes, so he will, if he was truly converted; but I doubt it. He will just be saved from hell, *and that's all*. He won't be the means of saving one soul. But among the children that I converted there, after they had taken lessons in Mrs. Burchard's department and given their little hearts to God, some Brainerds, or Worcesters, or Whitefields may rise up, who will convert thousands and thousands to God. I tell you then, that we must begin with the children. Some are looking for the Millenial reign of Christ to commence in a few years!"

Mr. B. told several stories—very interesting undoubtedly, to those who w

pleased with such puerile, incredible tales— concerning ungodly parents who had bee converted, in sundry places, by some per remark or effectual prayer, of little childre who had "got religion" under his ministry But, really, it would be trifling with seri ous matters to commit them to paper.

The EVENING EXERCISES of Friday, witl the exception of the indescribable confusio at the close, when the *anxious seats* wer filled, were tolerable, for a revival occasion Mr. B. first read the *parable* of the rich ma and Lazarus, and, as might have been ex pected, made various unreasonable remarks He then delivered a discourse from Mark x 46—52, which was the least "spiced" witl "hell, eternal hell," and other favorite ex pressions, of any we heard him preach.— Though he did not reason, and many of hi comparisons were ridiculous, it was rathe interesting. I think it was at he close o this sermon, that he compared the State o Vermont to "the colt," on which Jesus [i e. God Almighty !] rode into Jerusalem.— She was a *colt* compared with "the Empir State," New York, and *would* trot along b her side, and keep up with her in *revivals* but she was *tied* to the old *church* whic wouldn't let the colt go. And with a forc *of utterance* and emphasis of which non *but a hearer* can have any conception, M



B. exclaimed, "*loose the colt*, and let her go! *Cut the halter*, the *rope*, if you can't untie it, and *let her* GO. I tell you LET HER GO.—Let Jesus, God Almighty ride through Vermont, in splendor and triumph."*

But we may as well come to a close here, as any where; for there is no end to the extravagances of this prodigy of religious fanaticism. We have omitted many things, on account of their being already before the public; such as his representing "the operations of the Holy Ghost, by the young fox, stolen by a Spartan boy;" by "a lad crawling shily up to catch a bird;" and by "the sword which first cut off the drowning man's *right* arm, then his *left*, and when he seized hold of a rope with his teeth, to save his life, *cut* off *his head*, also." Nor have we noted the oft-repeated comparison of a "person in a snow bank, refusing help, in hopes of getting warm, by remaining there longer," and of "going into a den of serpents to be bitten worse, to get cured of a poisonous bite."—Such things are too weak to deceive people of common sense, unless "bewitched with his sorcery."

* He complimented the Vermonters, by saying they were far more refined than the New Yorkers; that when men got to be so corrupt that we could not endure them, they either *run away* or we drove them off, and they took shelter in the *great state of* New York. She was obliged to receive *them, though they* added to the mass of her already corrupt *and wicked population*,

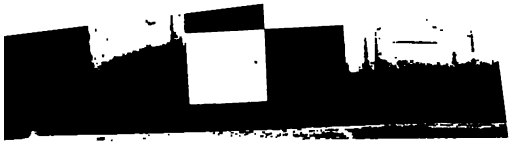
PART FIFTH.

REQUESTS for Prayers,—The ANXIOUS SEATS,—INQUIRY MEETING,—Mrs. BURCHARD'S DEPARTMENT, &c., with the management appertaining to each.

To give any description of the multifarious concern of offering up REQUESTS for prayers —getting people into the ANXIOUS SEATS, and the INQUIRY ROOM, and the little children into Mrs. Burchard's department" or school, so that people who never witnessed the scheme of operations, can have any adequate conceptions of it, will be impossible. It puts description at total defiance. Would to God that my duty to my fellow-citizens and the christian religion would allow me to close by saying! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph! But "murder will out," and "spiritual wickedness in high places" must be exposed.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

Mr. B. told his hearers on Thursday, I *M. that in order* to have a revival, they must *bring in their requests* for prayers, and put *them right up* before God Almighty, and



due time he would look them over and answer them, one after another. He said, "I have known hundreds, nay, thousands of instances in which parents brought in their requests for their child, a son or daughter, who was hundreds of miles off, without letting the child know any thing about it, and as soon as the mail could bring them word, they would receive the joyful intelligence of the child's conversion. The same is true of children's offering requests for unregenerate parents; brothers for sisters, and sisters for brothers. God looked over their *requests*, and sent his Holy Spirit right into the heart of the unconverted, as quick as *that*;" (slapping his hands together.)

"And you must put up requests for all the different professions in this place; and for the merchants, mechanics, and clerks; for the young men in particular who are led astray by the devil and his servants, and are going down to hell, and for apprentices, and young children. And for all the towns round about; Windsor, and Hartland, and Pomfret, and Bridgewater, and Perkinsville, and Springfield," &c.

"Don't be afraid of putting up too many requests. Pile them up—table them up before God Almighty, and he will look them all over, *just as a merchant does a bundle of or-*
ders, and answer them, one after another,

they are all disposed of. I have known many cases, [some of which he named] in which requests were offered for persons who were opposed to the revival, and were laughing or swearing about it, and if the church kept praying, and praying, and wrestling with God, they were brought upon their knees in their offices, or stores, or workshops, or in the fields or streets, without mistrusting the cause of it. The Holy Ghost is hovering, hovering right over this audience, this moment, anxious to obey the voice of prayer and convert souls; and the angel Gabriel is waiting and listening to hear your requests, and carry the news right up to the throne of God.

"And now, I offer requests to Almighty God, that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon Woodstock, especially upon the Professional men of all classes, and upon the merchants, mechanics, and young people, that they may be converted to God and be saved from eternal hell. Don't wait, brother, sister, a moment; pile up your requests here [striking the desk] before God Almighty."—Then commenced the great work. We shall give a few *specimens*, but not be particular as to the order or time in which they were laid upon the Lord's table, or rather, Mr. Burchard's. It must be understood, once for *all, that he* makes the replies and responses.

"*I request* prayers for the church of Chr

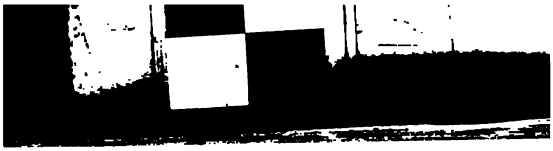
n Chester, that the work of God may con-
inue to go on in that place." I join in that
equest of brother Burnap. *Liberty still.*—
I request that the little spark of fire which
as begun to burn in Charleston, N. H., may
e kindled to a flame." Very well; brother
uke Brown, of Springfield, asking prayers
or Charleston, N. H., that sink of *iniquity*,
bominable infidelity and *all manner* of
ickedness. I mean to visit that place as
oon as possible, and lay seige to that strong
old of the devil, the prince of the power of
he air. *Liberty still*—speak fast.—"I re-
uest prayers for the young men in this place,
nd Charleston." Just right; Mr. Stevens
om Charleston, a young convert. *Liberty*
till.—Then rose a very spruce, fine looking
oung lady, and offered a request in such a
enteel manner and with such a silken voice,
hat I could not *hear* so as to remember what
he said. But Mr. B. exclaimed with rap-
ure—Very well, daughter, (inclining his head
ently) Miss BROWN, a young convert from
pringfield. Don't be afraid to bring in your
equests, daughters, and set an example for
thers. Then another beautiful damsel rose,
nd offered a request for some young person
r persons, whether male or female, I do not
ecollect; but it was done becomingly. Mr.
. was in his element again, and cried out,
ery well, very well; Miss MORTON, for

Springfield, daughter of the minister there, and converted at the late revival.*

"I request prayers for myself and family, including my five children who have not experienced religion." I join in the request of Judge Hutchinson; remember that when you come to pray. *Liberty still.*—"I request prayers for the Sheriff department, in Windsor County, &c., that they may faithfully discharge their duties." Very well; remember Gen. Bowen's request;—it is very important that all public officers, especially sheriffs, should be temperate, pious men, fearing God, and having the hope of salvation in their souls. I join in that request.† *Liberty still.*—"I request prayers for the church of Christ in Corinth, and for the Methodists and Baptists." Your name, Sir? MORGAN. Yes, brother Morgan, &c. *Liberty still*—Then. Deacon

*Then came in requests of all forms and sizes, from different parts of the house, many of them from persons whom Mr. B. claimed as his converts, from the towns he had recently visited; and some of them were given off in such a vain and tossing manner, that I forbear to call names. They were stationed about the house in such a manner as to produce the greatest effect, having come here on purpose to help the preacher set fires to the mass of combustible materials.

†We would remark here that, knowing the character and habits of Gen. BOWEN, we had no doubt but that his prayer would be answered so far as he is concerned, unless Mr. *B. changed him* essentially for the worse; which, we are *happy to believe*, was not the case.



Dana requested prayers for more than the pious man mentioned in Mr. B's. first sermon; and C. Marsh, Esq. put up a request, which excited the preacher's special attention.—Then a very serious old gentleman by the name of Cobb, requested prayers for "a son, who was out of the ark of safety, [meaning, I suppose, that he had renounced the true faith, and embraced partialism,] and for the *whole human family*." That was a *damper* to the auctioneer in spiritual things. He did not make "merchandise of souls" upon so *large a scale*. Then rose another, offering a "request for an unconverted brother." What is your name, daughter? It was given. Very well.

And so it went on, request after request, for the conversion of a "wife," "a son," "a daughter," "a brother in the state of Maine," —"a son-in-law and three grand children in the Western part of New York,"—"an uncle, aunt and two cousins, in Boston," or Baltimore, or New Orleans, or Ohio, or some where else. And, in each case, the *name* of the petitioner was mentioned, a word of approbation given, and the echo, "very well, liberty still," kept up. Sometimes three or four would be up at a time, and Mr. B. would catch and drive on equal to any auctioneer, when bids come in rapidly. He had a minister *at each elbow* to whisper the names

him of such as they knew;—unless, indeed, as was frequently the case, they were *laughing* or *smiling* so hard, that they could not speak; and then, he would inquire, and announce the name, whether right or wrong, as the case might be, and drive on again, with double speed. If the wheels began to roll tardily, the preacher would put on more team, or add more fuel to the fire, by offering a "request for Norwich, and Stratford, and Montpelier, and Burlington, and Middlebury, and the whole State of Vermont;" and add "*liberty still.*" Then Doctor Gallup, and Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. McLaughlin, and "that *Methodist* brother," (as Mr. B. called a real zealot who kept crying out upon the stairs of the pulpit,) and Mr. and Mrs. and Miss, without enumeration, would offer requests.

At length a zealous limitarian in the left hand gallery, requested prayers, that "*the judges, deacons and lawyers of Woodstock, might be converted, and become honest men.*" But Mr. B. could not join in that request. It appeared that he thought it was asking "*too much.*" And, besides, as the request seemed to give a *preference* to *honesty* and *fair dealing*, he thought, of course, that it must have *come from a Universalist!* Hence, he broke *ground.* Said he,—"I trust that my hearers *are gentlemen*, if they are not all christians. *I was a Universalian*, I would conduc

myself with propriety in every meeting.—Were I to go to a Universalian meeting, I would not disturb their exercise, or show by any sign or look, but that I was pleased. I would not offer any request, inconsistent with the object of their meetings."

I rose and asked Mr. B. *why* he named *Universalians*, in particular? He replied, mildly, that nothing personal or disrespectful was intended. Requests poured in again as usual, and soon, a very pious well-meaning lady of this village, "requested prayers that Mr. *Streeter* might get converted and become a useful christian minister." I thanked her for her good intentions, and then turning to Mr. B., remarked, that I did not blame the good woman, in the least, but would not wish ——. Here Mr. B. interrupted me, by telling me to take my seat, and he would talk the matter over. I replied, "not so, Mr. Burchard,—*I shall do my own talking*, Sir. —I was going to say, that I did not wish to disturb your meeting in the least, or do any thing ungentlemanly; but I am not willing to have my name bandied about, as is the custom here, lest it should be reported abroad that I approve these measures, when in truth I consider *them* sheer deceptions and imp*sitions upon the* people. That is all I h*to say, Sir.*"

Mr. B. approved what I had done,—

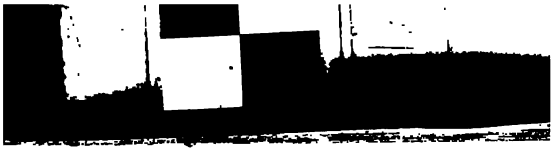
he should do exactly so, if it was his case; put his *veto* on all such requests, and treated the matter in a gentlemanly manner.

A great variety of requests were introduced; one, by Br. Wm. Bell, that Mr. Burchard might not misquote and pervert the scriptures, &c. But no notice was taken of petitions so inconsistent with the objects of the meeting.*

Now, it must be understood and kept in mind, that these petitions were repeated publicly, twice each day, during the whole meeting. Liberty was taken with persons of all descriptions, and their *names* mentioned as subjects of special prayer, even if it was known that they were opposed to it. Not a few, we have reason to believe, were startled and overcome, by hearing the preacher's noisy harangue, when their names were mentioned.—And besides, as it was not known but that all these persons had been struck under conviction, and desired prayers, the splendid array of names, had a thrilling effect upon the tender sensibilities of the young, the ignorant and unreflecting.

Mr. B. took the staff in his own hand, and

*Mr. *J. Davis*, of West Windsor, "requested prayer that people might *read their Bibles more, and trust in preachers less.*" Mr. B. was offended; called for his *name, which* was promptly given; and ordered the high *sheriff to take* him out of the house; but he did not obey.



gave direction *how* as well as *when* to pray. He told them repeatedly, not to pray about any thing but what concerned that meeting. To remember as many of the requests as they could, in prayer, and then cluster them right up together, just as a clerk would the unarranged papers of his employer, and bring them before God, and he would separate them, arrange them, and answer the demands of prayer, as soon as convenient, or the next morning. They must not pray *too long*, in public, or prayer meetings; but when they thought they had prayed *half* long enough, to *stop right there*. That was the *spot* where they *should leave off*. When they were in their closets, they might pray for hours, or even all night, as some had done at Springfield, and other places. But in social prayer they must remember what he told them, *drop upon their knees*, and agonize with God Almighty a short time, and then *stop*, and let another begin right where the first left off.

When Gen. *Mower*, Dr. *Palmer*, and Mr. *Matcalf* were named, the preacher foretold their conversions at once. For some reason the name *Metcalf* seemed to occupy an uncommon share of his attention. I heard Burchard say, repeatedly, that *Mr. Metcalf would be converted—he had* no doubt of it. for God *had* given evidence of it, in his own *soul. He* also proclaimed that Mr. Dr

from Castleton, who came over on purpose to get religion, had succeeded, and had gone home after his wife, and she would soon be on the ground, and be converted, as quick [striking his hands together] as *that!* He said he had written to Mr. Lyman, Esqr. of Burlington—son-in-law to Hon. C. Marsh, to come immediately, and get salvation; and Mr. Lyman would be here soon, and the people would see the efficacy of prayer.—But, alas! Mr. B. proved to be a false prophet; for Mr. Metcalf was not converted—and Mrs. Dana and Mr. Lyman did not make their appearance.

However, the noise about them served to alarm many weak minds, so that, although like Mc'Fingal's, his gun "took a wide aim and kicked the owner over," yet, as said the ex-president, "he shot a *duck* and kill'd a *plover*."*

*Mr. B said "holding God to his *promises* and pressing your *requests* accordingly, is like this: The Bank of Woodstock, just before the great *pressure* in the money market came on, promised to discount papers for *five* men, of a thousand dollars each, at given times Well, the time for the first discount arrives, and Mr. Johnson calls on the Cashier, Mr. Marsh, for the money. But he says, I can't do it, the times are very hard, and I have not discounted a paper for a month. But Mr. J says, here is *your name*, Sir, and will you break your promise? And *finally, Mr. Marsh* yields and hands over the money.—*Then comes the next*, and the next, till the last, and each one *by perseverance* succeeds in getting his paper discoun-

Such was the continual repetition and slang about *requests*, for nearly four weeks in succession. And, the reader is solemnly assured, that the above feeble attempt at description, falls immeasurably short of the senseless ceremonies and endless repetitions of the reality.

ANXIOUS SEATS.

Preparatory to getting the people into what are called *anxious seats*, in the meeting-house, Mr. B. entraps them in the following manner. He asks "*every man, woman and child*," to rise, "who believes that there is a God, that they may be prayed for." The audience, generally, rise immediately. But instead of praying the manager compliments them, and says, "take your seats, if you please." They do it. He then makes some curious remarks, and invites "every man, woman and child" "to rise up at once, who desires salvation through Jesus Christ," and flatteringly adds, "you *all wish* to be saved. Rise up, *rise up*." As before, those who do not understand the plot, rise; and though a considerable number keep their seats, Mr. B.

ed. Just so it will be, if you keep to these *very requests*, and don't bring in a thousand other things,—God will hear you, look over the *requests* one after another, and at last, *grant them*."

says, "all have risen; take your seats—sit down." Down they go again. He then manœuvres in the same way again, and calls upon "every man, woman and child who is willing, or has no objections, to be prayed for," to rise. Of course, the unsuspecting, "up again;" and again they are seated.—Mr. B. then artfully says, that all who rose, who are not converted, *pledged* themselves to come forward, after the usual exercises are over, and be prayed for. This is the first suspicion that most of them have, that he had been throwing a "net" around them. The meeting goes on by prayer and singing, and the sermon, &c. as usual; but at last the preacher calls upon those who have no objections to be prayed for, to come into the front seats, which are cleared for that purpose. Then every convert from abroad, old and young, begins to urge others to come forward. Mr. B. tells the congregation that there is nothing in those vacant pews different from any others in the house; but that it is more convenient to have all the anxious together. He appeals to the common sense of his audience, whether it can hurt them to take a different seat? Then goes on the work of persuation, and to set the wheels in motion, young converts take as many with *them as possible*, and march to the front *pews.* Every minister, and deacon, and

zealot, after the first exhibition, flies about the house, urging, pulling, and hauling people forward. The lads and others are invited from the gallery to come right down, and corporals are stationed in suitable places, to hurry them onward. Without reflection they come rushing down, by scores; tittering and skipping along, as though on the road to muster. Mr. B. orders the people in the *aisles* to make way for those lads and young men and women. If more room is needed, he says, "get out of the way, old christians, and let these young sinners have a chance to be saved. Don't stand about here, you old gray-headed professors, *go out doors and stand in the snow*; it wont hurt you. Don't block up the way so that these unconverted sinners can't get to heaven.—Go out into the snow, I tell you." And if need be, "the pope" is obeyed.* Such a rushing, scrambling, and hauling as takes place, cannot be conceived.

Mr. Burchard comes out of the desk, with the light tread of a cat, and the cunning of a fox; races about the house, through the aisles,

*Mr. B. was *sultan* of the premises. When he ordered men to *pray or kneel*, they obeyed him instantly. On one occasion, as the aged and infirm C. MARSH, Esqr.—put himself in the usual attitude of prayer for "the anxious," B. exclaimed, "*upon your knees* Squire Marsh!" and *lo! his time-honored locks came down with his bendin limbs, in a moment!*

over the pews, and on the *tops* of the pews, crying, "come every man, woman and child, and be prayed for; come forward, come right forward, young friends, don't be afraid, —there, do step aside, brother, and let that daughter go out—lead her up,—come, come, there yet is room—the door of salvation is open—sing, sing there—"Come holy Spirit heavenly Dove,"—Sir,—do go forward, it won't hurt you at all. What are you doing here, brethren, why don't you exert yourselves,—the Holy Ghost is in our midst—God knows it,—O poor sinners, do escape from hell, now the spirit is moving."

Now, reader, all this, and a world more of the same sort, is uttered by Mr. B. as fast and earnest as ever an auctioneer spoke when in the midst of sharp bidding; and with a variation of tones, nearly equal to a ventriloquist.*

Having coaxed, and frightened, and dragged his company into the forward pews, he

*I stood at the the outer door several times, and could hardly believe that any creature that had not a "familiar spirit," could be all over the house in half a minute, and speak with several voices, as at the same time. As I approached, and saw *how* and *who* it was, the stories of my grand-mother, in regard to witches and wizards, came upon me with thrilling effect, and had I "left my reason and philosophy at home," I should have been a *convert to the doctrines of witchcraft, ghosts* and *hobgoblins. I should seriously* have believed a ghost was in the "white *house.*"

would have some intervening exercises, some dolorous ode or something else, to give himself time to breathe, and eat "rock candy," (or as *some say*, a preparation of *opium*,) and then after others had prayed, drop upon his knees before them in the broad aisle, and scream just as loud as he could for his life—leaning at least half way back to his heels—telling God what the scriptures say about agonizing and groaning in prayer, and in what book and chapter he could find it!—This exercise was called *praying*; but if it were so, it must have been in conformity to the directions of Elijah, for there is no other scripture, so much to the point. "Cry aloud; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." (1 Kings xviii. 27.)—Never did I hear a crazy New-Light blunder together such a blustering, disconnected compound of words and phrases; for they could not be called sentences.*

* On the left hand of the desk, another set of pews were *vacated*, into which as many people as possible were tempted at the close of the services; and little children, without the consent of their parents, were kept there, with closed doors, till nearly midnight. The management was much the same as in the *inquiry room*. Among those who tarried for experiment, or to gratify their anxious friends, some were frightened and overcome; while others did themselves great honor by the firmness and intelligence with *which they* repulsed the expert assailant. But I deem

THE INQUIRY ROOM.

During the forenoon of each day, Mr. B. waited upon people at Mr. Southgate's, or Dr. Burnell's, at what was called the *Inquiry Room*. There he played his wiliest games; and every means, excepting downright *dragging*, was resorted to, to get people to go. Judges, and lawyers, and doctors, and generals, and all subordinates, to fourth corporals; and 'squires, and merchants, and mechanics; mothers, maidens, and misses, were upon the alert, "hunting for souls," as it was said of the false prophetesses of old. (Ezekiel, ch. xiii.)*

* It was really humiliating to see "the ermined judge" chasing about the village, and seizing almost every *un-Burchardized heretic* he met, from "Sambo, to his illustrious master;" and driving into every bar-room, work-shop, kitchen and corner, to induce man or maiden to go to the *inquiry room*. Ghosts of LYCURGUS and DRACO! who ever saw the equal since the ages of "iron money" and of "laws *written in blood!*" Judges and prophetesses converting people "by *force* and *arms*." But they labored not alone; for every zealot became a leader, and, as is said of Lacedemonian soldiers, "every *private* was a *captain*."

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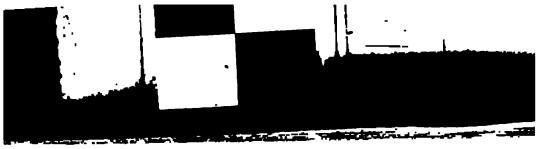
it extremely improper for young gentlemen and ladies to tempt the Lord their God, by putting themselves in the *way of* the uncaged lion. *Keep away*, young friends, *lest his terrific roar* should unnerve you, and you become *a prey to his* voracious maw.

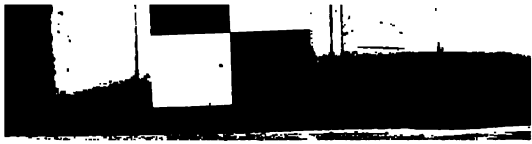


Well, the *Inquiry Room*, it must be understood, was well guarded by tyler, or porter, who opened and shut the door as he was instructed by the master within. Mr. B. announced that none would be admitted, but such as came to seek the salvation of their immortal souls.*

Br. GARFIELD, of Bethel, however, was admitted early in the campaign, by the politeness of Mr. Southgate, (probably before he had learned the exact duty of a porter,) and had a bird's-eye view of the manner of operation. Let us give a specimen. Mr. B. approached a gentleman, whose moral excellence will not be enhanced, and it is hoped, not be injured, by fanaticism, and said—Mr. Marsh, I want to engage a cashier for a Bank in New-York, at a salary of *two thousand* dollars per annum. I understand you have but *one thousand* here. Will you go, Sir? After a short pause, Mr. M. replied, "Yes, Sir, I will go, if you will warrant me two thousand dollars per year." Well, Sir, that's right.—Now, will you give your heart to God, and receive, therefor, the eternal joys of heaven? God Almighty has *promised*,

* Elder *Hazen* asked permission to go in and barely witness the proceedings; but he was denied the privilege. All was *secrecy*. Things were done in a corner. [Isa xxx, 20.] *Not so* with the servants of Jesus. [Ac xxvi, 26.]

that if you will give him your heart, he will crown you with immortal glory.—Answer my question, then; will you give your heart to God? "I kon't know." Why! I am astonished that a man of your standing—the son of one of the first lawyers in Vermont—a man of college education, and the cashier of the Bank of Woodstock—I am astonished that you *don't know*. Well, Sir, are you *willing* to give your heart to God? "Yes, Sir, I am *willing* to do it." What, *willing* to do it, and yet *don't know* whether you will or not. Here, Sir, I come to you, in great want of money; and ask you, if you have fifty dollars that you can spare for a few days. You answer, yes. Well, Mr. Marsh, are you *willing* to lend it to me? Yes. Well, will you do it? And you answer, "I don't know!" You have got the money in your pocket-book,—are willing to let me have it; and yet don't know whether you will or not! How inconsistent! Now, Sir, tell me in a moment; will you give your heart to God? Say yes, or no. With diffidence characteristic of the man, Mr. M. answered, "I wish you would not press the subject any farther." Well, Sir, if you don't know that you will give your heart to *God, you* will go to hell; or something to *that effect*. And in this manner, "the in-



quisitor" went on from one to another, artfully shaping his questions, according to the nature of the case, in a meeting which was publicly announced, as a place for people to visit, to *inquire* for the way of salvation! Worse, if possible, than papal impositions.

When he had received an answer in the *affirmative*, he would order the recording angel to register the name on high, and tell Gabriel to go to heaven and report the conversion of another sinner, that the celestial arches might reverberate with louder shouts of praise. But, if the answer was in the *negative*, he would generally reply, "then you will be damned," or "go to hell," or something similar.

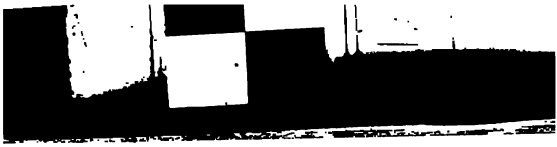
Coming to Mr. Garfield, Mr. B. inquired—are you a professor of religion? "I am, Sir." How long have you been a professor? "About eight years." Where do you live? "In Bethel, Sir, in this state." What is your occupation? "I am a preacher of the gospel." You are a Universalist, are you? "I am, Sir; and glory in believing and preaching that heavenly doctrine."—Well, what did you come here for? If you had been a gentleman, you would not have obtruded yourself into this meeting. "I did not, Sir; but told Mr. Southgate my name, &c. and the object which I had i

asking leave to come in, viz. to see
you proceeded with these inquiry n
ings. I am willing to leave, whenever
wish it." Keep your seat, Sir, for
present.

Mr. B. went to another person, and
ing a seat near by, began to declaim ags
Universalists, keeping his eyes fixed u
Mr. Garfield. Having heard enoug
his misrepresentations, he interrupted
by saying, "Mr. B. your statements are
correct. If you know anything about
versalism, you mean to state what is
true; but if you do not understand the
trine, you ought to say nothing abou
till you have informed yourself." You
not a gentleman, Sir, and I wish you w
leave the room. "That, I am ready to
Sir, and will only add, that if I misre
sented your doctrine, as you have mi
should neither be a *christian* nor a ge
man." And, making his bow, he de
ed; saying in his heart, no doubt, "O
soul, come not thou into their secret;
their assembly, mine honor, be not
united —(Gen. xliv. 6, 7.)

The following account of a SCENE in
INQUIRY ROOM, was given us by Mr. B
METCALF, a man of sound talents and
impeachable veracity. He says--

"*Being* desirous of sharing in the



of salvation from hell, (so called,) providing it was a reality, I requested prayers, according to the express promise of Christ, Matt. xxi. 22, that, if in an error, I might be convinced. The promise is, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." There is no *condition* here; the promise is positive—*all things whatsoever* ye ask, believing. I told Mr. B's. friends that if these words were true, and they were christians, and would pray in faith, I should certainly be converted: for, I was sincere in making the request. I went into the inquiry meeting, where Mr. B. was parading about with great energy. Having separated the *anxious* from those who had "given up their hearts," he seated them in a row by themselves, and asked one at a time, "Will you give your heart to God?" Sometimes, he would propose some preparatory questions, assigning as a reason, that he was obliged to ask a question or two, in some cases, "to get *at* the man." And to strike credulous and timid minds with terror, he declared, with awful emphasis,—"*If you reject me*, J. BURCHARD, *you reject* Jesus Christ; and I would not be in your place for ten thousand worlds;" thus putting himself upon an equal with Jesus Christ! Having gone over with a dozen or more, he *came to the* seats occupied by Dr. Pala

er, Mr. Shedd, and myself, where the lowing, in substance, took place. W Mr. Metcalf, what have you come here f "I came, Sir, to see if there is any effic in your prayers. You profess to be a vant of Jesus Christ; and he said, all thir whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father my name, believing, that shall ye recei or words of the same import. [Mr. B. sented to it.] I want you, therefore, to the Father, in the name of his Son, th may be converted; believing at the sa time, that your prayer will be answer according to the express promise of Chri I don't know, said B., as I can pray, fi believing, because you *may* have passed *Rubicon*; though I think you have not Didn't you hear me preach upon that s ject? If you have got over the *line*, y are lost; and neither the angel Gabriel, n God Almighty, can save you. But I h you havn't

I pressed him that he would pray in fai or not at all. He *smiled*, and said he not know as he could come up quite to faith of assurance, but he would do as w as he could, and save me if possible. kneeled down, and commenced praying *great agony*. Sometimes he would scre *out*,—"O God Almighty, fire a barbed arr *right from* heaven and pierce Mr. Metca

heart. O Jesus—Master—God Almighty, come right down this moment, and break Metcalf's flinty heart, and make it bow. O God—Jesus—Holy Ghost, pierce Metcalf's soul with the sharp point of the two-edged sword; plunge it right into his heart and save him from infidelity and eternal hell.—Don't let him go down to hell, Jesus, Master, Holy Spirit, eternal God," &c.

But it is in vain to attempt a description of the agonizing, writhing, and screaming on those occasions. His performances in the meeting house, were just nothing in comparison. He would occasionally *peep his eyes open*, just enough to see whether he was producing any effect. I could hardly keep from smiling to see the fellow *squint* and *wink*, when he saw I was unmoved. Having got through, he asked me how I felt; and I told him I felt just as I did when he commenced praying. He had made no impression, yet.

He then commenced upon Dr. PALMER, something like this: Dr. P. will you give your heart to God? "I don't know, Sir, as I can do it with propriety; for it looks to me like conversion itself; and as I have received no light it will be taking a leap in the dark."* You are right, exactly right, Sir, for it is ta-

*Mr. B. gave an account, in the course of the interview of converting one of Dr. P's friends, at Lockport, who was precisely in his situation.

king a leap in the dark. I will illustrate it.

Here is friend Metcalf; he comes to me and says,—Mr. Burchard, I want you to go to Windsor, for me, for which I will give you *twenty dollars*, when you return. I want you to go immediately. Well, believing he is an honest man, though he is an infidel, and will fulfill his word, I take a slip of paper, containing his promise, and start, for Windsor. On my way, I meet a friend and he inquires where I am going? I tell him, showing the promise, &c. O, says he, you are taking a leap in the dark; for Metcalf will never pay a cent. Well, I tell him I will risk that; and on I go. This, to be sure, is all done in the dark; for I have only got Metcalf's promise. But I go to Windsor, transact the business, and return according to bargain; and presenting my slip of paper, friend Metcalf pays me the *twenty dollars* just as he had promised; and then, Sir, [clapping his hands] *comes the light!* True; I took a leap in the dark, but the light now shines upon the whole transaction. Just so it is, Sir, in giving the heart to God. All you have to do, is to trust in his promise.—Now tell me, Dr. Palmer, will you give your heart to God? Say, yes or no. "Yes, I will, but I don't believe I shall see the *light* you speak of." Trust in God for that Dr. P.

Having gained such a victory, he returned

to me again and said, O, friend Metcalf, I wish you could give up your heart; but I suppose you can't,—and smiled.*

Then, all those who had given their hearts to God, were told to rise up, and when Mr. B. had questioned and advised each one, Mr. Southgate registered the names among the hopefully converted. Standing near me, he commenced with a large lad or young man, who was next at hand, by saying, Now, you have given your heart to God; and it is infinitely the most solemn act of your whole life. (The young man was sighing and sobbing, and Mr. B. put his hand upon my knee, and gave it a gentle *grip*.) If you go back into the world and live as you did before conversion, you will sin against the Holy Ghost, and be damned forever; for that sin can't be forgiven. Now, young man, do you give yourself up to God, to be saved or damned, as God may see fit?† "Yes, Sir," was the

*He then told me a long story about a club of opposers whom he converted, one after another, at Lockport, called "*the five hard heads.*" (Our limits do not admit its insertion.)

†The *new* measure revivalists make their converts say, they are *willing to be damned, in order to be saved!* The New York *Methodist* "ADV. and JOURNAL," calls this, "the prince of abominations." It adds,—"that man who is willing to be damned, is the *greatest rebel* against the will of God, in the universe; for hell itself does not contain *a being, even in* the person of Beelzebub, who is *willing to be damned.*"

reply, in a whimpering voice, and Mr. B. gave my knee another grip. I could hardly keep my countenance; not *knowing* whether the *sign* was *gracious* or *roguish*. The young convert was *finished off* with a prayer, and the scribe directed to put down his name. He went over with the whole, a dozen or more, in the same way, calling each one by *name* in prayer, and implying that their souls were saved, and their sins were forgiven.

Having got a large number for one draught, he was elevated above measure. He rose, marched about the room, under a high degree of excitement. When Gen. Mower alluded to the requests for "Messrs. G. W. Rice, A. Stearns, and S. Warren," he was much elated. He exclaimed, "That's right, Gen. Mower; do your duty, though the DEVIL oppose you, with all his might. When young converts want to rise to offer requests, the devil will catch hold of them, and say, "sit down;" [dropping suddenly into a chair,] then, if they attempt to rise again,—"sit down." All this was acted to the life.—When you go to do any thing, (said Mr. B.) you will find the Holy Ghost on one side, and the devil on the other. When the Holy Ghost says, "*You shall*," on one hand, the devil says "*You shan't*; on t'other. You *shall*—*you shan't*—you shall you shan't;

ross; cross—cross; you *shall*—you
-you *shall*—you *shan't.* But you
just what the Holy Ghost tells you
mind nothing about the devil. You
give yourself a moment's rest. Look
pose you are in a boat with the devil,
lve miles above Niagara Falls. You
wn the current, and lest you should
your danger, the devil occasionally
little dust in your eyes. You think
retty clever devil, and pass on, till
o a sense of your danger, by the roar
lls or the voice of a friend. You
ie dust out of your eyes, seize the
d throw him over board. Well, what
Are you free from danger? Not at
you must clench the oars, and row,
v. All is toil and trouble, toil and
without a moment's rest. If you
own your oars, you will be gliding
ie stream again. In acting out the
the boat, Mr. B. out-did himself.—
ted every nerve and muscle, and
through the room, leap after leap,
sembling the quick motion of a boat.
ed, just so it is with the christian; he
t rest a moment, but row, row, row;
labor; for all is toil and vexation till
es heaven."

next day I went to the inquiry meet-
enewed my request, with the addition;

that I might be converted *before I left the house*; for I did not wish to spend so much time, when God could bring me over at one meeting as well as another. Mr. B. tried to equivocate; but I kept him to the old promise—"*Whatsoever* ye ask," &c. "That's right, (said he,) stick to it, Mr. Metcalf; I have hopes of you yet. I have known many to be converted that were just in your situation. Don't get discouraged. He then prayed again, and *begged* Jesus Christ, God Almighty, by every consideration which he could muster, to come right down, that very moment, and make me submit. Alluding to the line of demarkation, he said; "Is it not possible to save this immortal soul? Jesus, Master, canst not thou save Mr. M's soul from hell? O, God Almighty, is it possible that *thy servant Metcalf* is worse than Saul of Tarsus?"

But I will not attempt to repeat any more of his singular performance. When he saw I was not excited, but remained in *statu quo*, the same as before, he went on with his work as usual.

But in the meantime, Dr. Palmer who was considered one of the converts, leaned over towards me, and said, in an under-voice, "Metcalf, we must abandon our philosophy *entirely, if* we wish to get religion. There *is no philo*sophising about these things. Be-

ligion is every thing or nothing. Now, Metcalf, *I am no more a Christian than you are;* [and Mr. M. does not *profess* to be one,*] but I find there is no other way, but to leave philosophy and reason at home, and take a leap in the dark, and leave the consequences with God. That is the only course;"—or words of the same import.—My reply was, I must remain as I am, then. I have no philosophy to spare, Dr. Palmer, and I cannot do, at all, without my reason, whether I have religion or not.

On Friday, the 6th of March, I went into the White-house, to see how Mr. B. was winding up affairs. After as many as possible had been gathered into the anxious seats, he told D. Pierce, Esq. to kneel and pray. He obeyed of course. As he commenced praying, Mr. B. skipt along to the pew where I was, and began a lively chit-chat about the *vote* in Town-meeting. He had heard I had been to Windsor, and wanted to know what the folks said about it there? Whether Mr. Richards was going to publish the "preamble and resolution" in the Chronicle, or whether it would come out in the Jackson Republican. He said, *he* cared nothing about it himself, and could hardly keep from laughing to see what a fuss his friends made. He was a pub-

* *Let it be remembered, Mr. M. is not a Universalist, and therefore, would not be partial, and favor one side of the question at issue, more than the other.*

lic character and people would *vote* and *sc* as they pleased concerning him. He was cheerful mood, smiling, and talking merri about laughing, while Pierce was prayi earnestly, that "perishing immortal sou might be saved" from endless hell; supp sing, no doub t,that the godly preacher w by his side, on his knees, joining in his pra er! Mr. B. tript along back, just as t 'Squire was coming to a close, and one his admirers, said to me, "Did you ever s such a *queer man*, in all your life?" Soc his *Reverence* was on his knees, agonizi and praying with all his might.

Now, who, excepting those that shut th eyes, and plunge into the dark, can mar that I was not made a convert by such ma agement as the above? People who ha any reasonable and philosophical views, mu certainly abandon them, and become unre sonable, before they can become *religion* under such circumstances.*

An important fact has been communicat

*We have omitted conversations between Mr. B. a two others, as reported in the first edition, having learn that he received similar answers to his questions, fr several persons, both here, and in other places.

He uniformly ridicules the idea of the *heart's* bein *closet*, by representing a *great fat* man, crawling i his own *little heart!* and yet calls God himself, " *great, Almighty* BEGGAR, *ragged* and *menial* in appe *ance.*" Mr. B. commands sinners to open the door of *heart, and let him* in!! His *forte* is ridicule instead *argument.*

by some of the *converts*, as they were called, but who were disgusted with Mr. B's requisition. He required all those who agreed with him, that Unitarians, Christians, Restorationists, &c. ought to be damned eternally, *to signify their assent by bowing*; and most of the young converts did so. Miserable, deluded objects of pity!! Father, forgive them—they knew not what they were doing.

MRS. BURCHARD'S DEPARTMENT.

This is a School (or gull-trap) for the *conversion* [?] of little children, from *three* or *four* years old and upward; and should not be encouraged, in the least, by those who are not the dupes of the impostor. Every body ought to understand, distinctly, that Burchard manages the whole concern. He employs the fascinating manners of his "better half," to enlist unsuspecting females in his wily measures. Mrs. B. wins the affections of the "little ones," and then delivers them over to the captain-general of the farce.* It was soon announced that she had more than two hundred children under her care. Strange to relate, some good par-

*Of Mrs. Burchard's motives I have nothing to say; but, that she acts in subserviency to her husband, none will dispute. And he pretended that *she* knew, and he likewise, when absent whether earnest prayers were offered for them or not. As t prayers grew cold, they became faint and feeble. What an blushing deceiver!

ents yielded to the solicitations of zealots, and, though opposed to Burchardism, allowed their young children to go to that nursery of fanaticism. I would as soon have them become inmates of a "Convent." Mr. B. said, publicly, that his wife taught lessons too *weak* and *silly* for a man to talk over, and that she was sometimes almost ashamed of such stuff.* Now, what do such children know about giving their hearts to God?—Why here is a specimen. A little girl, residing not far from this village, was on a visit among her friends, and being asked by another, if she attended Mrs. B's school, answered, "Yes." Well, how did you like her? "O, very well indeed; she is the prettiest woman you ever see." What did she say to you? Why, she said, "My dear will you give your heart to God?" Well, what did you tell her? "O, told her *yes*, but then I did'nt; I only told her so, because she said it so pretty.†

* The "Constitution of the Maternal Association," holding forth the "total depravity" of infants, "the *conversion* of those from *three* or *four* years old," and that "parents are invested with *unlimited authority to mould the characters of their children for eternity*"—that they "roll them over upon the eternal purposes of Jehovah" &c is the work of Burchard himself. It is ridiculous, and ought to stamp the whole concern with reprobation, *in the judgment of* an enlightened and liberal community.

† *What evidence* do the *little* boys about our streets, *who are church members*, give of being favorably conver-

One thing, however, must not be omitted. Mrs. B. like her husband, taught that *infants* are *naturally totally depraved*, and must be regenerated, or be miserable forever. On being asked by one of her admirers, what would be the result, if an infant should die and go to heaven before it had committed any sins, Mrs. B. replied, that by the time it was twenty years old, it would be so wicked as to need conversion in heaven.

Many people who heard the preacher, week after week, could not learn what he really meant by "giving the heart to God." No marvel; for he seemed to have no distinct idea about it; but made it any thing and every thing, just as circumstances required. Sometimes he would have it mean, "*loving* God, with all the affections." But the next we should hear, would be, "sinner, God says, give me your *corrupt*, *rotten* and *wicked* heart!" And the next, "give up yourself, your property, your family, and all; that God may do just as he pleases with you.*

* Sometimes, Mr. B. illustrates this *giving the heart to*

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ted? Why, Mr. B. said, in one of his discourses upon the conversion of little children, that "the child would, in an hour after it is converted, appear as is if had met with no change at all, and in half an hour afterwards, would evince all the signs we could ask for. Why as an old Baptist *Minister off* at the west said, place the angel Gabriel a *the Devil side* by side, and you could'nt tell 'em ap

Now, what definite ideas can be formed of this mystical subject? Just none at all.—And what did it all amount to? Why, simply this; it enabled Mr. B. to make a tremendous noise about converting *four hundred people!* when in truth, not one out of ten, knows any thing about the matter; and nearly every one from whom we have heard, simply mean *that they have resolved to live better lives!* Well, we sincerely commend their resolutions, and pray that they may act accordingly. But this *forming resolutions,* is not what Congregationalists, Baptists, and Methodists mean by "giving the heart to God, or being born again." The only text in the Bible, from which Mr. B. could have borrowed his *mysterious question*, is found in Proverbs, xxiii, 26. "*My son give me thine heart:* and let thine eyes observe my ways." But how do children give their hearts to their parents, except by *love*, *confidence*, *gratitude* and *obedience?* There is nothing mysterious in the subject. Regarding God as our Father in heaven, we can give him

God, by a man who has a valuable farm, a wife and six children. He is required to sell the farm and give up the *money*, and surrender his *children*, his *wife*, and *himself* also, to be instantly committed to the tomb! But, all this is done, with the understanding that all is to be restored *again, without any loss*, and with the prospect of *immense gain!* What a sacrifice!! or rather, what an *imposition!!*

our hearts in no other way, though in a higher degree, than we give them to our earthly parents; or to adopt other language, to *love God with all the heart*. To do that, is our reasonable duty; and as such we urge it upon every reader. But do not, I beg you, suffer an adept in religious legerdemain, to kick up such a dust before you as to deceive you in regard to one of the plainest subjects in the Bible.* He does it for *effect*, to get you into the churches, keep up his own fame, and *fill his pockets with money*. The *wizard* phrase of revivalists, in general, is, that "*you must meet with a change* of heart;" but as the itinerant wonder-worker cannot wait for hearts to be changed; he has adopted a more summary process, and made a sort of wizard-*ism* of the question, "Will you give your heart to God?" But, be upon your guard, friends; for it is only "old shoes, and clouted upon their feet." (Josh. ix. 5.)

* Well, what does the Bible say about "anxious-seats?" Why, just nothing at all. The word "anxious" is not used in the scriptures. Mr. B. undertook to prove that Peter had "anxious-seats;" but failed, entirely, as admitted by his friends. He atoned for his failure, however, in a good degree, by telling a story about a dozen *cuffees*, who took an anxious-seat, which *would have been St. Peter's, if* he had prepared it for them. There is not a shadow of scripture proof for the Burchardistic anxious concern. There are no such questions as "What shall *do to be saved" from hell*? "Lord, what wilt thou have *me to do,*" that I may not go to eternal hell?

PART SIXTH.

Sketches of Sermons; the Brazen Serpent; Memorable Tuesday; the Young man deranged; David *said to be*, mad and crazy; Wages of sin; Carnal mind; Contest between God and the sinner; Denunciation of Unitarians, Christ-ians, Universalists, &c.; the Trinity; Remarks, and Conclusion.

THUS far, I have followed the revivalist pretty methodically, in his career in this place, and reported the best part of his performances. So far, too, I have stated, for the most part, what I heard, and know to be facts; but, in this section, I shall be obliged to state what I have been told by people of veracity, of different persuasions, including some even, of Mr. B.'s converts and special friends.

Mr. B. paid no regard to the meaning of texts. In speaking on the words, "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land," (Isa. i, 19.) he applied the text to the salvation of the soul from eternal hell.—Thus; God gave Adam a law, and said, Adam, love me. He gave the angels a law, saying, Gabriel, love me. "I do." This law *sounded dreadful* down to hell, Beelzebub, *love me.* "*I* won't." The preacher from

the above text, gave a long sermon about the penalty of the law,—which he said was endless damnation in hell. He went over with the old story about the fall of angels—the rigorous demands of the law—the impossibility of forgiveness without an infinite sacrifice—the inflexibility of a judge in condemning the guilty, even a son—and the sentence of Maj. Andre by the benevolent Washington. He said, Washington was *good* in signing the death-warrant, though not *good* to Andre.—And so was God also *good* in putting the sinner in eternal hell; i. e., *good* to the universe. The *wages* of sin is eternal death; (See Rom. vi, 23.) but the sinner thinks that God is so good that he will cheat him out of his wages!

Candid reader! just consider for a moment. Ask yourself what connection there is between the text and the preacher's ranting use of it? Will you be blinded and duped by such means? Why, you cannot fail to perceive, that if sinners deserve the pains of eternal hell, Mr. B. was trying to cheat them out of their real deserts. Hence, according to his reasoning, he gets by it, the character of a *bad* man; for he said that *good* beings would not *cheat* others out of their *dues!* So he is caught with the hook which he threw out for others. (2 Kings, xix, 28.)

In the course of the meeting, Mr. B. fore

told that the Holy Ghost would come down in showers, on the next *(Chuseday)* TUESDAY. Wonderful man!*

The preacher discoursed upon Numbers xxi, 8, 9, and as was usual, made it talk loudly about the sinner's exposure to eternal hell. Let any one read the account of the fiery serpents, and Moses' brazen serpent upon the pole, and see if there is an intimation that it referred to a future state. No one, who is as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove, will pretend it. Jesus himself referred to that subject in these words, "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John iii, 14, 15.)

Well, how and when were the people benefitted by looking at Moses' serpent? Why, in being immediately healed; not, in being

*But this was not all; he told the women *when* to do their *washing*. From being a *would-be* prophet, he became a real "betty," and ordered the women not to wash on Monday, for that was an invention of the devil; but put it off till Wednesday; which was his invention. Who doubts now but that B. was a heaven sent messenger? No pious ladies, certainly; nor virtuous kitchen-maids. He could not have been sent by the "old adversary," because he opposed one of his wittiest inventions. How self-evident! How dignified the preacher must have appeared, in the eyes of the talented and refined part of his audience, when he *took possession* of all the "wash-tubs and battle-boards" of *this region?* Suppose he should preach one discourse on *such occasions*, from 2 Tim., iii, 6.

saved from a hell in a future state. "Even so" must it be with those who believe in the Son of man. And so it actually is, according to verses 18 and 36, of the same chapter.—"Hark! look here." "He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not *is condemned already.*" Why, "Because he has not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."—"He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life." So we see that the enjoyment of eternal life by faith, was the immediate consequence of believing; and, therefore, "he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life," so long as he remains in unbelief; "but the wrath of God"—the condemnation—"abideth on him," during his unbelief.*

The reader becomes impatient to know,

*Mr. B. must have known he was misrepresenting Universalists, when he pretended that they did not hold to the importance of believing in Christ, as the Saviour of the world. His story of the "man in the State of New York, who put down his pork in warm weather, without applying any salt, because there was salt enough at the salt-works," was a groveling attempt at wit. We might just as well maintain that a man of sense would not have a broken bone set, because there will be no broken bones in the resurrection state; or that a woman of sound mind, would not use a lamp in the evening, because the sun will rise, and render it unnecessary to use one the next day. But, I will not multiply words; for, if any of our brethren are weak enough to be deluded by Burchard's gibberish, their departure from the faith *will not diminish* our strength. "But, brethren *hope better things* of you, though I thus speak."

what took place on the memorable Tu
of which the preacher and prophet ha
told such great things. Well, the mos
I can say about it is, that a multitude o
ple were gathered together, and amor
rest were Br. GIFFORD and his intel
WIFE, of Shrewsbury. Mrs. Gifford h
good fortune to tell Mrs. Burchard wh
thought of such misquotations of scr
and truthless assertions as came from the
without knowing who she was. Ther
one evidence that the holy spirit moved
some of the audience. And when the s
bling for persons to fill the anxious seats
on, Br. Gifford was accosted by Mr. B.
with a cloven tongue of fire as well as
he told him openly, before the whole c
sed audience, that he was imposing upc
people. Said he, Mr. Burchard you
better than to pretend that you are sent
to save souls from eternal hell. You are
ing this people into fanaticism; and *insa*

*The following certificates will show, how muc
fidence is to be reposed in the Burchardistic state
that young Mr. McLaughlin was not rendered
by the late excitement in this place.

I hereby certify that I have been called, in t
charge of my professional services, to attend up
Ira McLaughlin, son of Mr. James McLaughlin,
I found in a state of partial derangement. His c
been a severe one, but there is now a fair pros
his recovery. So far as I can judge from the

if not suicide, will be the result. And so he went on, uttering the words of truth and soberness, for several minutes. So that the holy spirit of truth came down in torrents; for Br. G. has a stentorian voice.

I heard Mr. B. preach from Luke xiv, 18, "*And they all with one consent began to make excuse.*" He went on, for a while, as ministers commonly do; that some would excuse themselves because they were too young; others because they were poor; others because they did'nt like the doctrine, &c. But, at length, the excuse was made, that "I have too much business to attend to, and can't find time to get religion." He then became ranting, and repeated the word "business,

sion of his thoughts, and other means, he was made insane thro' *religious excitement.* I also state that what Mr. BALCH said in his paper concerning the unfortunate young man, and my attendance upon him, was true.

TIMOTHY S. GLEASON.

Claremont, April 29, 1835.

As various reports are in circulation concerning my son, and the *cause* of *his derangement* of mind, I feel it my duty to certify, that from the time of his return from Woodstock, he has by turns been partially insane. He is now very much reduced in health, altho' somewhat improved in his mind. *I have no doubt his suffering was occasioned by religious excitement produced at the late protracted meeting in Woodstock.* I farther certify, that what was said in the "Impartialist" concerning his case, was, so *far as I have* the means of knowing, correct.

JAMES McLAUGHLIN.

Claremont, May 5, 1835.

business," at least *seven* times in succ

Next came up the objection that was too much enthusiasm in the me that they were crazy fanatics." He at ed to justify his enthusiasm, by naming Byron, or rather," said he, "a beautiful female, singing melodiously, and con all who hear her, into perfect enthusias What a "bump of comparison" he mus and how 'strikingly he developed' it! I that "David was an old, crazy enthus Saul of Tarsus was as *mad and craz March hare*, in converting souls fron JESUS CHRIST,—I speak it with revere was as enthusiastic, as *mad* and *crazy* am. The angels in heaven are a set thusiasts. What is that noise?—what *fuss* there? Why, we are enthusiast *are mad and crazy* in glorifying God

Yes, reader, I call upon the recordi gel to bear me witness, that Mr. B. co ed in such a strain for ten or fifteen mi and it is left for you to decide, whetl was intoxicated, deranged, crazy and or of a sane and sober mind, under the ence of the Holy Spirit!

In conclusion, he rallied his hearers into every house, store, tavern, wor street, and lane, and *compel* "every ma *man and* child," to come to the "i *room;*"—very unlike a "wedding."

them "not to take *no*, for an answer; but keep going and going, and taking them by the arm," till they would come; and to send sleighs of all descriptions, into all the country round about. Mr. B. made himself master of the place. He bid people from all directions, welcome to straw and provender for their beasts, and provisions and lodging for themselves. He told those from abroad not to return home, but go right into the houses of the rich as well as the poor, and they would find enough of every thing. What, said he, are Dr. Burnell's fine carpets and folding-doors? Gen. Mower and wife can sleep on the floor, in buffaloes, and let people from abroad have their downy beds. They must do it, and all your doors be thrown open, or the revival will stop right where it is. Mr. B. was obeyed, and almost every house was filled to overflowing. His followers bowed the knee to his religious feudalism.

The preacher had given notice, several times, that as soon as convenient, he should disprove the Universalian doctrine, by the text, "The wages of sin is death;" and many people went, day after day, to hear that performance. It was a plot to draw them together. He promised to prove on the evening of Thursday, (Feb. 26th,) "That every *man, woman* and *child*, who has not been *born again*, according to the common acce

ation of the term, as held by Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists and Presbyterians, *hates* God *worse* than all other creatures (beings) in the Universe." That language was repeated, with some trifling variations, a great number of times.

Now, consider its insolence. Suppose that one of the *six hundred* Catholic missionaries who have recently been sent to this country, should come to this place, and having collected a large audience, and pleased them for several days with his eccentricities and eloquence, professing to be no *sectarian*, should come out at length with similar language, viz. "I will prove this evening, that every man, woman and child, who has not been born again, as held by all true Catholics, hates God worse than all other beings and things in the universe." How would it answer for a Catholic to say that, in this Protestant community? Why, the several sects named by Mr. B., "would hiss him down." But a Protestant renegade is allowed to offer the grossest insults to good nature and common sense.—Well, what scripture did he produce to sustain his position?—Why, Rom. viii, 7, in part —"Because *the carnal mind is enmity against God.*" Is there a shadow of semblance between the proposition and the *alleged proof?* Let me suppose a similar case, *viz. that* "every man, woman and child," who

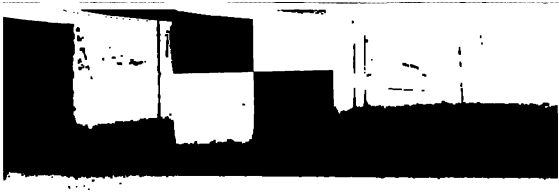
ves in the Trinity, hates God worse than
r thing else. Does not the text say just
uch about my proposition as Mr. B.'s?
ıinly, because it says nothing about ei-

. Paul says, (Rom. vii, 14,) "For we know
the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold
r sin." And again, (1 Cor. iii, 1–3) he
to his converted brethren, "For *ye* are
arnal." Now if all who are carnally
ed are damned forever, "Who, then
)e saved?" Or, as Mr. B. said to a Uni-
list, in the anxious seats, "Young man,
will become of you, if your doctrine
:s untrue?" He replied, "I will answer
)y asking a harder question—What will
ne of you, Sir, if your doctrine proves
true?" The inquisitor made no reply.
ell, how did the preacher succeed in
ng his proposition? To make the an-
short, I will give two examples; the first
he last, of a harangue of an hour.
rst.' He proved that all who are not
: sects above named, *hate God supreme-*
/ supposing a case of two women, resid-
ı adjoining apartments, who get mad at
other, and, to use his own words, "go
ng about and won't speak to each oth-
ıt, at length, a third woman tattles about
,—they make up and are as good friends
r, and join together in opposing her" !!

There, reader, was not that, point-blank proof of Mr. B.'s proposition? 'Do you give it up?'

'Lastly.' "The sinner would send God Almighty to hell and damn him eternally, if he had it in his power. Hark! look there, on the side of the gallery. There is the sinner and God Almighty, wrestling to see which shall go to hell. God says, you deserve to be damned, and I mean to send you down to eternal hell. The sinner replies, I know I deserve it, but I won't go; I will send you there, and keep you there eternally." He acted out the combat between the sinner and the Almighty, using language too profane and vulgar to be committed to paper, till at length, by a lucky turn, the sinner was hurled into endless hell; the preacher clapping his hands loudly, and exclaiming, "there! there he goes, cursing and blaspheming his Maker, to the world of damnation." Yes, and it was done off in such an air, that hundreds laughed! Some orthodox clergymen sitting on my left, (for I was in the Deacon's seat) among whom was Mr. Morton, of Springfield, giggled aloud.*

*What would have been thought of any other minister present, if he had barely asserted that Judge DENISON's children "hated him worse than all other things *in existence;*" and to prove it, had represented the good *father as having* really prepared a block to slaughter

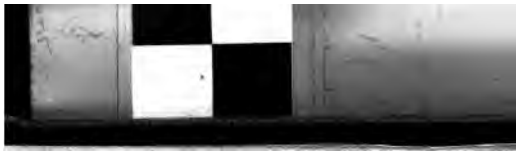


The next account we shall give of the Revivalist, relates to his use of the text, "For the wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.) He asserted we are told, repeatedly, that the text said, the wages of sin is *eternal* death! He despatched Universalism by scoffs and sneers; and by saying, that but few really believed the doctrine, though many hoped it was true. But such as really *believed it*, had passed the Rubicon, and could not be saved. "God had sent them a strong delusion that they might be damned" *eternally*; and they ought to be damned. If he thought the doctrine was true, he would shut his Bible, in a moment. He would not worship nor serve such a God. But to reply to such buffoonery, would be like coming in contact

his little son, for some act of disobedience? As he began to cut off his fingers and toes, the child seized the hatchet and attempted to mete the same cruelty to the father; but being overpowered, he was hewn up by piece-meal, till his little heart's blood was exhausted?—Could any one fail to perceive, that the preacher *assumed* his premises, that he might draw such inferences as he pleased. But the injustice which he would do Judge DENISON, by representing him thus cruel, is nothing in comparison with the injustice done to the Father of the spirits of all flesh, on the occasion above mentioned! No wonder the preacher soon added, that "God Almighty MURDERED *his own Son*, and took the last drop of blood from his heart, to save sinners from eternal hell." It appears, that Judas betrayed the Son of God, and God himself MURDERED him!!! If the above is not blasphemous, what can be?

with a chimney-sweeper; we might ea "floor him," but the *smut* would cost n than the victory would be worth.

He next laid siege to the *Restoration* c trine, as he called it, which was; that t must go to heaven by way of hell. T would not be persuaded to come and go r to heaven; they were determined to g hell. Said he, "their plan is, to go to *hospital*, place themselves under the ca the physician-general, Beelzebub, and let burn out the corruptions of their souls caustic of hell-fire." This made sport eno for the dear lovers of immortal souls! priests and people, new converts and laughed audibly all over the house. Bu tickle their sanctified hearts the more, B. introduced the following. "Mr. J James, goes to hell and is burnt out and ed by the pysician-general. He takes receipt and goes up smoking with fire brimstone, to heaven. He knocks,—Gab opens the door, and asks, "Who are y and what do you want?" He answers. name is J. James; I lived a sinner in Wo stock; I died, went to hell, and have my sins burnt out by hell-fire caustic; an demand admission. "But what claim h you upon heaven?" Why here, Sir, is *receipt.* Gabriel reads it,—"This certi *that the bearer* has been to hell, been c



f all his sins, and now deserves heaven on
ıe score of justice. [Signed] BEELZEBUB,
hysician-general of hell-hospital." "Very
ell; you may come in, Sir, but I don't think
ɔu feel yourself at home." He enters—
ızes about, and takes up a harp. That's
ght, says Gabriel; now play the tune of
deeming grace. He replies, O, I can't go
. And he begins to run his fingers along
.e instrument—"Salvation by hell-fire; glo-
to Beelzebub; glory, glory glory to hell-
·e and Beelzebub;"—the admirers of Mr. B.
e meanwhile, shaking with laughter. It
as "fun alive" for those who believed the
·eacher was full of the Holy Ghost, and was
tting it out, to use his own words, "guggle,
ıggle, guggle."*

Mr. B. said that some would reply,—"O,
od is a good being; he is too good to send
ı to hell." Ah! said he, you think he is
o *good* to pay your wages, do ye? Hark!
ok here. Mr. B———works for General
'Cumber, for a dollar a day; earns thirty
ɔllars, and takes a note. When it becomes
ıe, he starts for his pay, and a man meets
m up by Mr. Barker's, and tells him he will
ɔver get a cent. "Why not? Is he not
ɔod for the amount?" O, yes; that is the
ason, he won't pay you. He is too good

*But many of those who had been his admirers, were *sated with the madness and nonsense of his ribaldry.*

to do it. Ha! that's it, then? God won't pay the sinner's wages, the eternal damnation of hell, because he is *good?* Do ye see?"

Now shall we pause to refute such slang and blackguardism? The Bible says, "the *wages* of sin *is death*," not eternal death.—"*In the day* thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." (Gen. ii. 17.) "The way of the transgressor is hard." (Prov. xiii. 15.) "But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." (Isai. lvii. 20, 21.) "Behold the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth: much more the wicked and the sinner." (Prov. xi. 31.) Does this testimony need any lawyer-like application?—Not at all, it speaks for itself, and agrees with the experience of every reader, and with christian Universalism.

Had Mr. B. read the whole text, it would have reproved him to his face. "For the wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Now, as all men sin, and deserve the wages of their works, it follows, according to Mr. B's logic, that all will be miserable, forever. If there is any part, whom God does not send to hell, then he cheats them out of their *wages; and* in doing that, he is not good. *So said* the preacher. If God can save

one sinner, and yet be good and just, he can, by the same rule, save all the rest, agreeably with his goodness and justice.

Mr. B's next attack was upon the CHRISTIANS, some of whom, hold to the final destruction of the wicked, soul and body. This system, he ridiculed, as we are told by impartial hearers, in a merciless manner; and pretended that they held, that "the little speck of ashes, remaining, after the wicked were destroyed, would cry out, "I am tormented in this flame," etc. What, said he, has a little mess of *ashes* got a tongue? can it *see*, and *talk*, and ask for water in hell?

He said, some will reply, Why you ought to be more charitable; for the minister is a pleasant man, and his wife a very good, kind woman. "Be charitable! O, yes, (said Mr. B.) be charitable, would ye, and let the smooth deceiver and his unconverted wife go down to hell with a lie in their hearts?"*

He professed, at first, to be *no sectarian*, and spoke well of the *Baptists*. But when he came to the subject of *baptism*, he said that it was the *seal* of the covenant. It was like putting a *seal* to a deed; and sarcastic-

*Every body understands the application. It was intended for *the man*, who is notorious for his pacific habits, and *the woman* whose very name, where known, will *neutralize the venom* emitted by the forked tongue o *slander. We suspect* that in this instance, as well as o *ers, Mr. B's poisoned* arrows will rebound upon himse

ally inquired, how a deed would look, what it would be good for, if the *seal* wa large as to cover it all over! In such st did he ridicule *baptism* by *immersion*.

On Tuesday eve, (3d of March,) preacher went on with his wild censori harangue about the TRINITY. His mot for that, and several other discourses, "He that believeth not God, hath made h a liar; because he believeth not the rec that God gave of his Son." (1 John v. 1 Having told "every man, woman a child," not to pay any attention to t pamphlets and handbills which Univers ists and others had circulated, but call th by their true name, "the devil's lies,"— inquired, "what is the record here spok of?" and answered, "it is that of the De of Jesus Christ, that he is God Almighty He kept up this theme for several evenin being careful, during the whole time, r so much as to read or recite the next ve to his text, which would have given h the very character that he was falsely cha ing upon others. After speaking of t record, St. John adds, as though to preve all mistake, "*And this is the record*, (ve 11th,) that *God hath given to us eternal li and this life is in his Son.*" Could Mr. *have been honest*, whilst, with this text

fore his eyes, he roundly asserted, hundreds of times, that the record was, that "Jesus is the very God" who sent him? He must have intended to deceive his hearers. Let us bring a parallel case. Suppose the 11th verse had read, and this is the record, that Jesus Christ is God Almighty; and in answer to the question, "What is the record spoken of in verse 10," I should reply, it is that God hath given to us eternal life?—Would not the friends of Mr. B. accuse me, and justly too, of meaning to deceive? Most certainly. Well, as the matter stands, Mr. B. is exactly in the same predicament. He knew that the 11th verse is an explanation of the record, mentioned in verse ten.—There can be no mistake about it.

During his performances, made up, as a very judicious hearer observed, "of blasphemy and insult," he said, "the CHRISTIAN doctrine is the most deceptive that ever came from hell. And if Christ *isn't* the very God, those who depend upon him for salvation, depend upon a rope of sand, which will precipitate them into eternal hell. The angel Gabriel has as much as he can *possibly* do to sustain himself in heaven, and so has Jesus Christ, if he *isn't* the true God himself. He can barely maintain his own standing, *without* saving one soul from hell. If *Jesus Christ* is not God Almighty, the Bi-

ble is a tissue of lies from Genesis to Revelations; a most abominable imposition.—The Unitarians, Christians, Socinians, Restorationists, Universalists and Campbellites have brought in a damnable heresy, and will all go to hell, where they ought to be. If Christ isn't God, Mahomet was a prince on his throne, compared with him, and Trinitarians will go to hell. They are all idolaters; and you all admit that idolaters ought to be damned. David, Jeremiah, St. Paul, Latimer, Cranmer, *Fenelon*, *Masillon*, [Roman Catholics!] Calvin, Whitefield, Wesley, Edwards, Tennent, and millions of others, are now in hell. They ought to be there to all eternity, if Jesus Christ isn't God Almighty.

"The errorists will be asked, when they get to heaven, if they believe in the Deity of Christ, and will answer "No." Then depart into everlasting fire, &c. But the Orthodox will be asked the same question, and they will reply, We are rotten from head to foot, but believe in the Deity of Christ; and, without further ceremony, they will be told, to enter into the joy of their Lord. I never knew a person to give evidence of salvation, who did not believe that Christ is very God. Those who deny this, have no genuine revivals. I would as soon expect a revival in hell, as among

They make *proselytes* to their false
ne; but make *converts* for *hell.*
a Unitarian minister tells me he has
three hundred converts in the course of
nistry, I reply, he has made just that
er of converts for eternal hell, to curse
nd their minister to all eternity. A
ier who denies the deity of Christ,
ore, is a most horrid murderer. He
e than a murderer, and I will prove
lark! look here,—suppose a Spaniard
king along with an Orthodox chris-
he draws his dagger, stabs him to the
and he goes right to heaven. Well,
murderer. But a Unitarian minis-
ho is a very learned and moral man,
to a Trinitarian christian, and by art
ersuasion makes him disbelieve in the
of Christ. The man lives a christian
all appearance, dies,and goes to eter-
mnation, believing that lie. Now,
his preacher infinitely worse than the
erer? Don't ye see? I repeat then,
very minister who denies the Trinity,
rse, infinitely worse, than a murderer.
ut you will think, perhaps, that I am
ritable, for they are sincere. Yes,
e things true, because people sincere-
ieve them? Then you may steal, rob,
er, because you are sincere, and go to
n, ha! Look here,—tell me, Henry,

how many two and two make. He answers, "it makes seven;" and he is *sincere*. But does that make it right?* We know the Unitarians, Christians, Universalists, &c. are sincere, and they will be sincerely damned, too, for giving God the lie. All churches that deny the deity of Christ, are churches of the devil. The devil hates that doctrine worse than all things else; and so do they. The doctrine of the Trinity is the foundation of all true religion. A person who is really converted, is full of the deity of Christ—eternal damnation—and the Holy Spirit. He glories in these doctrines. Men may be sincere in hell as well as heaven; and I would no more pray for the salvation of a sincere Universalist, than I would for a damned spirit in hell."

The above is, unquestionably, but a feeble abstract of Mr. B's censoriousness against "errorists." Some of his friends, who admired him, for awhile, have expressed their disapprobation of his denunciations.

But the majority of "the pious," both ministers and people, and all *real Burch-*

* According to Burchardism, the child ought to be burnt at the stake, for being sincerely in an error! Yes, and every Physician, who gives a prescription sincerely believing it will save the life of his patient, ought, upon the same *principle, to be punished* as a murderer, if, through error of *judgment, it proves fatal!* Will Mr. B's converts here, *hazard the consequences*, if his views be true?

ardites, who were anxious for the salvation of immortal souls from hell, giggled, and nestled, and laughed all over the house!! It was like a *comic* performance in a theatre. Though there were some *honorable exceptions*, yet, generally, the congregation was rustling with glee and audible laughter. This is a sacred humiliating fact.*

But as Mr. B. did not attempt to show that anti-Unitarians are morally better than others, nor offer any thing like fair argument in favor of his views, I shall not reply to his vulgar slang and scurrility. As to the *Trinity*,† so called, I need only say, that I believe all which the scriptures teach in regard to the existence of God and his Son

*The note, concerning Rev. Mr. PARKER of this place, which appeared in the first edition, is omitted in this, to make room for others of a less *local* character. The gentleman by whom it was written, holds himself responsible for the correctness of his positions.

† TRINITY. This is not a bible word, but a compound of Greek and Latin, and means, literally, *Three-One*.—But it does not apply to Deity, any more than to any other object, which may be supposed to be a *three-one*: a mere supposition, of course, as no such thing can, in reality exist. It makes but little difference, however, as to the number of persons in the God-head, whether there be *three* or *four*, since the worshippers remain *in statu quo*, "miserable sinners."

The serious questions, proposed to Rev. Messrs. Southgate and Parker, have not been answered. As they are local, we omit them here. Should they be answered, the fact will be immediately communicated.

Jesus Christ. If I must be lost, for not believing what the Bible does not teach, why, then I must submit to it, for, I cannot believe without evidence. My opinion in regard to the feelings of *real* Burchardites, remains unchanged. If they can laugh and rejoice in the contemplation of my final damnation, for mere error of opinion, then are they enemies and not friends. If they regard Unitarian christians as worse than murderous Spaniards, as Burchard taught, let them treat us accordingly. But I still protest, that no man of sane mind ought to be tolerated, in denouncing whole denominations in such a manner.

As Mr. B. knew I was a Unitarian Universalist, I can but despise his mean and wicked conduct, in taking advantage of my indisposition and absence, to utter what he would not dare have said, had I been present; because, he knew I would have "withstood him to his face," let the consequences have been what they might. I would have done my duty in correcting his false assertions, if persecution, fine and imprisonment had followed. My motto is, "No cross, no crown."

For Mr. Burchard, personally, I have no feelings but those of purest friendship; and *it is my sincere* desire, that he may see the *error of his* ways, repent, and be converted.

CONCLUSION.

I HAVE a few words to add, to put the public upon their guard against the plots and impositions of J. Burchard and Co. A better service I could not render my friends, brethren and the cause of religion in general.

(1.) Let not an intelligent community be deceived by the rumors of Mr. B's success, in this place, as well as others. For, considering the duraion of the meeting, the efforts that were put forth, and the circumstances of the case, it was "a mountain in labor." There are, in this town and those adjoining, *ten thousand* souls. The weather and sleighing were excellent, during the whole 26 or 27 days, and people came from various directions, in the circumference of more than an hundred miles in diameter.—Whole families of children, from three or four years old and upwards, were put under Mr. and Mrs. Burchard's care, to manage or mangle them, as they pleased; and all who would be made to *say*, that they "gave their hearts to God," were reconed as converts. Some of them, as facts declare, only said it, to get out of the clutches *of the* inquisitor. Well, instead *of thousands,* the braggadocio reported only

four hundred, not half of whom can now be produced. And, although people were hurried into the churches, before they got cold, (lest, as Mr. B. said, the devil should catch more than half of them,) including unstable youth and little, inexperienced children, yet the whole number amounted to only 120!

Why, a Mormonite, with half the advantages that Mr. B. had, would make *three* converts to his *one*.

(2.) The most proper course, is, to keep away from the money-making impostor. *Burchard* is joined to his idols; let him alone. He says he is now a "blind, miserable sinner, and was, till 24 years old, a most abominable rebel." One of the clergymen of Albany, (N. Y.) responds, that every word of his confession is true; and intimates that Mr. B. has violated both the laws of God and man, since that time, and to such an extent, that, it would not be well for him to make that city a visitation. "There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God."

People of different denominations at Strafford, (Vt.) acted the wise and christian part. Most of them treated him with neglect, as they would a worthless fortune-teller; and such as attended his meeting, were *not flattered* nor frightened out of their *senses*. They held the MIRROR up before

and he shrunk from his own visage, ran away. His *failure* was complete. n! Glory to God!

.) The *anxious seats, and the inquiry* s, are the principle means of Mr. B's ss. Young people who seek those pla- ire as lambs seeking the slaughter-house. management on those occasions is Jes- il and mean, in the extreme. Treat the ations to take the *anxious seat*, or to go he *inquiry* meeting, as you should temp- ns to visit a gambling-house, of any other ription. People should not be themselves, uffer their children to be, coaxed off to ing, by *Burchard's slaves*, whatsoever olor, who are sent out to collect audi- s, with carriages &c. for their sovereign er.

.) Let a judicious public be upon the d against the *great stories* which Burch- and his slaves report of his successes.— / are calculated to deceive.* He cries s many converts as he pleases; for no one be at the trouble of hunting the coun- ver, to ascertain the exact facts.

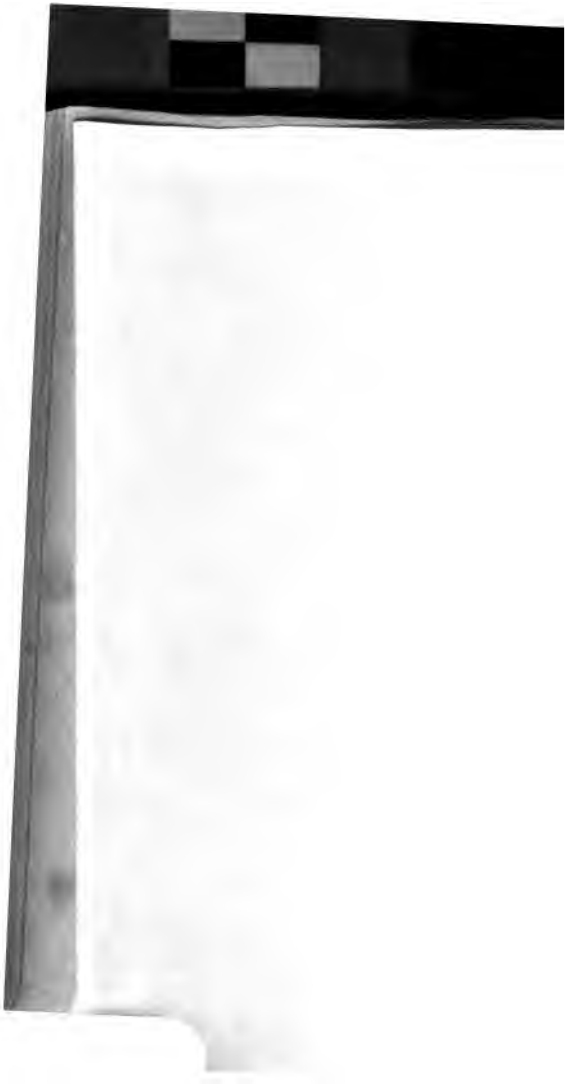
e have omitted Mr. B.'s ridiculous ac-

* is reported that Mr. B. united the Church in Pom- and converted many souls. Not true. The Church e divided than ever, the good minister dismissed and several of the best members of the church have be- Universalists, and not a convert has been made to dism!

count of the *alarm-bell* of *hell*, or the great clock, ticking, *eternity, eternity!!* also his abusive treatment of a young lady from Strafford, and his denouncing Dea. Elias Thomas and wife, of the Christian order, as hell deserving sinners. Nothing has been said of his going into the inquiry meeting in the vestry or hall, and shrinking as though expecting to receive his deserts, saying, "he had rather God Almighty would put twenty-five stripes upon his naked back, than to come to that place;" nor of his telling a young Christian lady that "he had as lives have the prayers of a damned spirit in hell," as hers. It is too painful to a serious, devout mind to record, an hundredth part of similar abominations.

Let the foregoing suffice, and serve as a warning to all of every persuasion, whither these pages shall come, to avoid BURCHARDISM as they would a *spasmodic* disease. It is ruinous to the best interests of religion. Many of the most talented and pious of the Congregational order, as well as others, deprecate Mr. B.'s rash adventures.

Towards the close of Mr. B.'s labors in this place, he recommended, for the first time, a perusal of the scriptures; and that Trinitarians should treat others with courtesy and respect; and, though inconsistent with *his own* conduct, we shall rejoice to see them *follow his* precepts, rather than his examples.



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